THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

APRIL, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Punctured Prophecy

A great deal has been written about the cruise of the American fleet of battleships—a cruise which has now reached a peaceful and happy end. But no one seems to have noticed a particularly interesting thing connected with it which we venture to recall. When the fleet started south and while it was steaming majestically in the direction of Cape Horn, the New York *Sun* fell into a state of violent agitation. First it said that the presence of the fleet in the Pacific would greatly endanger the relations of the United States with Japan. Day by day the *Sun's* agitation grew more intense. It shook all over and trembled and quivered like a Cassandra of journalism, big with portentous knowledge of the future. At last came the fateful utterance. In a double-leaded editorial the *Sun* announced that if the fleet actually rounded Cape Horn and sailed on toward the Orient, war with Japan was not only possible but inevitable. The *Sun* did not merely think this. It knew it. War could not be averted. Well, the fleet has returned after having steamed into Australian and Philippine and even Japanese harbours, and has returned home in peace and safety. The question now arises, what on earth was the matter with the *Sun?*

The Law of the Association of Ideas brings to mind another instance of the *Sun's* prophetic powers. About three years ago, the Hon. Charles E. Hughes was the Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York State. Right in the middle of the campaign the *Sun* one morning slipped in another double-leaded editorial—mystic, portentous, and pregnant with prophetic power. It declared, as though from Sinai, that no Republican could in that year be elected Governor of New York. It added even more darkly and decisively that the person who should be then elected Governor of New York would be chosen President in 1908. Here was a two-fold prophecy. Governor Hughes was to be defeated, and the man who defeated him was to be the next President. Thus did the *Sun* bang out a double-barrelled prophecy, and both barrels missed fire; for Mr. Hughes was elected Governor, and yet he was not made President in 1908. Our readers will please file away these facts for future reference; and when next the *Sun* double-leads a prophecy, let them remember how these other prophecies were punctured by the facts. We are afraid that the Cassandra of the *Sun* has something the matter with what that sheet would call her "intellectuals."

"Thru!"

All the same, let us give credit where credit is due. When Mr. Roosevelt retired from office, all of the newspapers and many of the magazines published more or less long articles about him and his career as President, and about the general feeling which his departure excited. The *Sun*, however, with extreme clever-

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

H. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR AND ALBERT STERNER

ness, distanced everybody in an editorial which consisted of a single word.

"Thru!"

Really this summed up the whole matter more aptly than whole volumes of general comment. We notice that some of our contemporaries have imagined that Mr. Roosevelt is not only "thru" with the Presidency, but also with the spelling "thru." His last message to Congress appeared in the decent and dignified orthography which most persons use. Hence, it was said that Mr. Roosevelt had "gone back" on the Simple Spellers, whose chief asset he was. This may or may not be true. It is possible, of course, that reflection has led him to see that "thru" does not really spell "through," for if properly pronounced the former word is equivalent to "threw." An exact phonetic spelling of "through" would be "throo." We are inclined to think, however, that Mr. Roosevelt's apparent backsliding was due to haste and lack of time rather than to treachery toward a great and noble cause. He was in a hurry and, therefore, found it much easier to spell in the proper way than in the so-called "simple" way. A Simple Speller, when he sits down to write even the most ordinary letter, has to stack up before him all the documents of the Spelling Board and refer to them as a schoolboy would to his dictionary. Otherwise, by accident, he may happen to spell some word correctly. We should like to make a simple wager that neither Professor Brander Matthews nor Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, for instance, could emerge with credit from an ordinary test which we should like to arrange for them. Let us take, for instance, either one of these gentlemen and, after searching his person carefully to make sure that he has no "cribs" about him, lock him up in a cell after the fashion of Chinese candidates for literary honours. Let him be supplied with abundant stationery and

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

pens and ink, and then let him be required to compose three or four pages of an essay on any subject that he prefers. We venture to say that he could not do so without departing from the forms recommended by the Simple Spelling Board—forms which are so very simple that no one can remember them. We do not say this in a jeering mood, but rather because we think the circumstance to be extremely creditable to the leading Simples. Though you cast out decent spelling with a pitchfork, nevertheless, it will always be coming back—as Horace once said in substance about something else.

❧

"Loaded Dice"

Some years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis wrote a story entitled *In the Fog.* In it there was introduced a very distinguished member of the English Parliament who took a delight in reading sensational stories that was little short of abnormal. Once embarked upon a

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS ELLERY H. CLARK

"shocker" containing the proper ingredients properly mixed, he became deaf to every call and responsibility; and a political opponent, wishing to keep him away from the House, had only to smuggle into his hands the right book. During the past month or two there have appeared several volumes that we are quite sure would have held the statesman in question to the exclusion of every public obligation. First, there was Mr. William Hamilton Osborne's *The Red Mouse,* which was reviewed in our February issue. Then there were Mr. L. Joseph Vance's *The Bronze Bell,* and M. Gaston Leroux's *The Perfume of the Lady in Black,* a sequel to the widely exploited *The Mystery of the Yellow Room.* Finally, we can suggest another "shocker" of magnificent proportions in Mr. Ellery H. Clark's *Loaded Dice.*

Mr. Ellery H. Clark is a Harvard man, of the class of 1896. From the Harvard Law School he was graduated in the class of 1899. He is by profession a lawyer, practising in Boston, and is the author of three law books, *Massachusetts Street Railway Accident Law, United States Street Railway Accident Law,* and *The Law of Accident Insurance.* It is in the field of athletics, however, that he has hitherto been most widely known. For four years he represented his Alma Mater in the dual meets against Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, and in the Intercollegiate games. In 1896 and 1897 he won the all-around championship of New England. He was one of the American team that went to Athens in 1896 to compete in the Olympic games, and there won the running high jump and the running broad jump. In 1897 he won the all-around championship of America, and he repeated the feat in 1903. The instance of "throwing the hammer" in the *Loaded Dice* is founded on his own experience.

Louise Forsslund

Louise Forsslund, the author of *Old Lady Number 31,* is the wife of Charles Carey Waddell, also a writer. She is a native of Sayville, Long Island, on Great South Bay; and there most of her work has been done. Mrs. Waddell's earlier published work includes *The Story of Sarah, The Ship of Dreams,* and Dutchtown stories, published in different magazines. Her husband,

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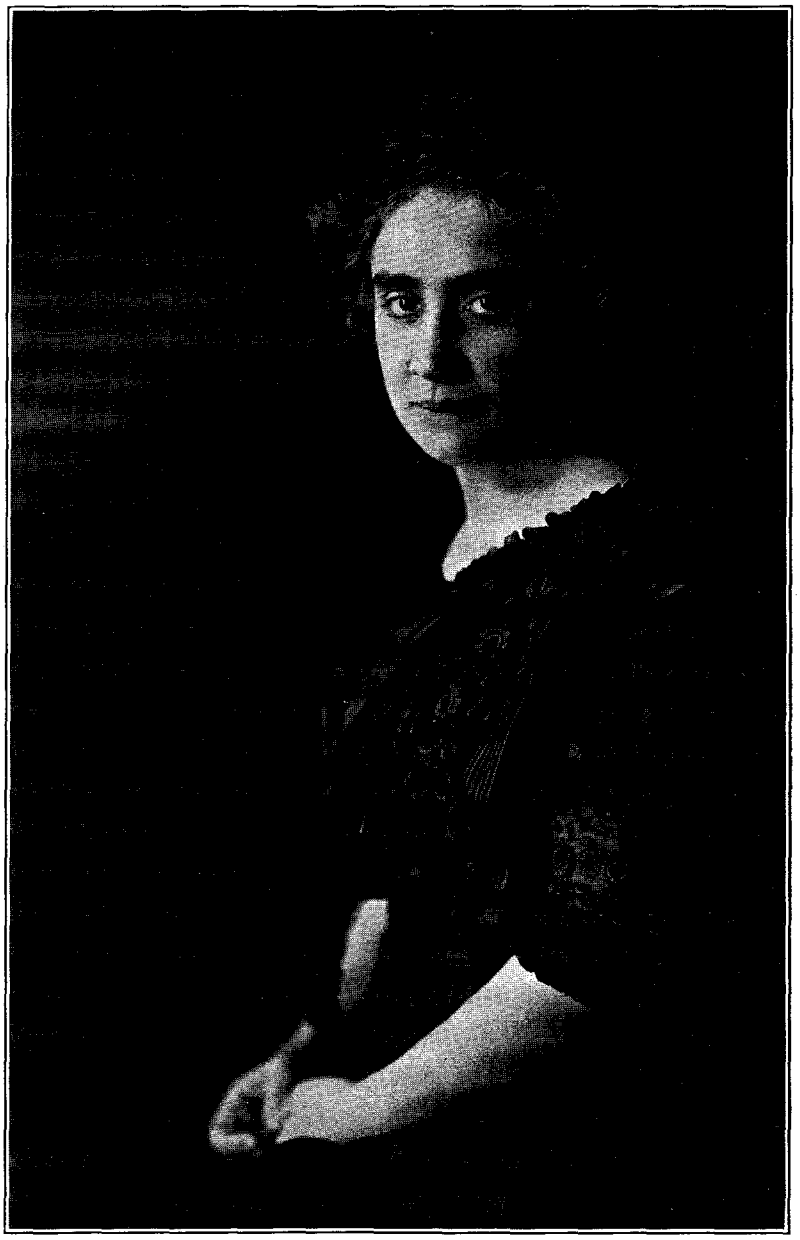

LOUISE FORSSLUND

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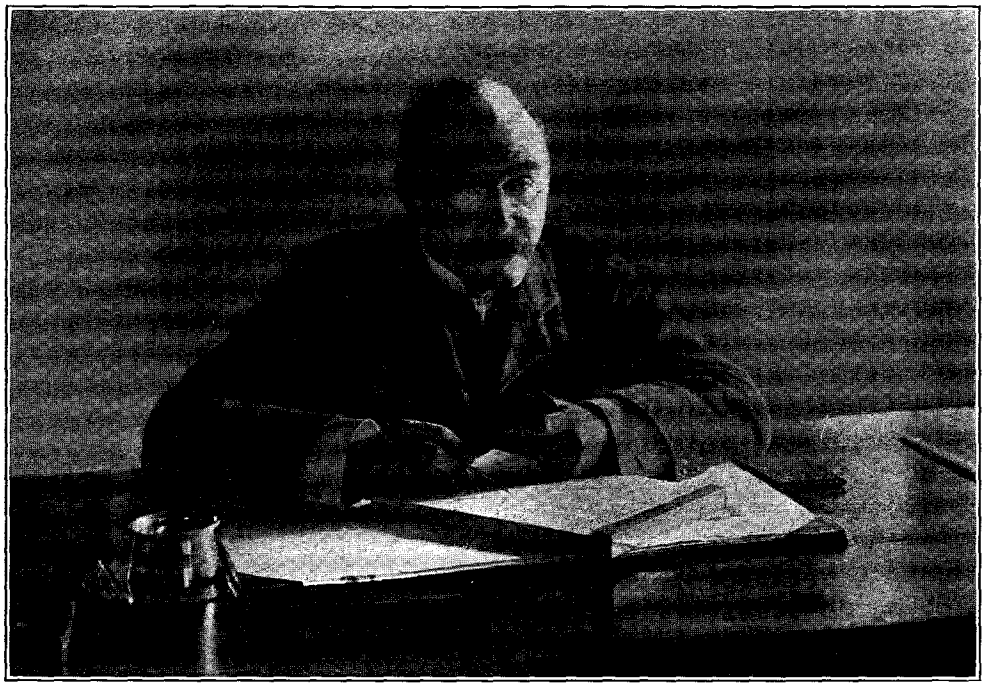

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — RUDYARD KIPLING

According to a recent story Mr. Kipling was one day sitting in his garden at Rottingdean when a street organ struck up "The Absent Minded Beggar." Kipling was silent for a moment, and then said: "If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that"

who usually writes under a pen name, is best known, perhaps, by his *The Van Suyden Sapphires.* Mr. Waddell's ancestors were among the founders of Chillicothe, Ohio, and three generations of Waddells have served as mayor of the city—Charles Carey Waddell being the last.

❧

Where Kipling Stands

The position occupied by Mr. Kipling to-day is unquestionably unique in literary history. Men like Dickens and Thackeray, when they had once won their wide audiences, held them to the very end—from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood;* from *Vanity Fair* to *Denis Duval.* On the other hand, countless writers of minor talent have enjoyed a few brief years of great success and then have been forced to step aside to give place to men and women with a fresher note. Neither case is the case of Mr. Kipling. While he is far from being the dominant figure that he was some ten years ago, it is still a far cry from the position that he holds to-day to any suspicion of enforced obscurity. Even those who are most outspoken in their preference for the old Kipling to the less robust though perhaps more fastidious artist of to-day have hesitated to charge him with waning talent. That his audience has dwindled seems to be due in a large measure to his own inclination. It is really the old Kipling, after all, for now, as in the days when he was the Man from Nowhere, he is writing just what pleases him without any regard to the wishes of the world at large. Now, as then, he seems always to be saying: "Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser.* I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone—always alone." He never seems to have lost faith in that last line of the *Envoi* of *The Story of the Gadsbys:* "He travels the fastest who travels alone."

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A. C. BELT & SON, READING

MR. KIPLING AS A WRITER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

Judged along purely commercial lines the Kipling popularity in this country was at its ebb about two years ago. During the last twelve or eighteen months there has been a marked revival of interest in his work—an appreciable demand for his books old and new. It is in the nature of irony that of all his books, *Stalky and Company,* which Kipling himself likes least of all, and which he believes to be his poorest work, is among all the old books the one which enjoys the steadiest sale. A peculiarity of Mr. Kipling as a selling author is that no edition of his books seems to interfere with the prosperity of any other edition.

The latest work of Mr. Kipling to appear in book form is *With the Night Mail,* which was first printed three or four years ago as a magazine story. It is a tale of aerial navigation in the year of grace two thousand and twenty-five, and is marked by remarkable imagination and colouring. Perhaps Kipling has nowhere ever surpassed the paragraph in this story in which he describes how the passengers on the Night Mail see, far below, the outlines of the hospitable airship, carrying its load of tuberculosis patients northward to a sanitarium near the Pole, and hear, borne to their ears by the wind, the quavering voices uplifted in the morning hymn.

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Planes are swift—so is Death
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Why does the 'plane builder insist on the safety of his machines?

Methinks the gentleman protests too much.

The Standard Dig Construction Company do not build kites.

They build, equip and guarantee dirigibles.

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POWELL'S
Wind Hovers

for 'planes lying-to in heavy weather, save the motor and strain on the forebody. Will not send to leeward. "Albatross" wind-hovers, rigid-ribbed; according to h. p. and weight.

We fit and test free to 40° east of Greenwich

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You can please yourself, but—you might as well choose a dirigible.

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Towers, Landing Stages, Slips and Lifts
public and private

Contractors to the A. B. C., South-Western European Postal Construction Dept.

Sole patentees and owners of the Collison anti-quake diagonal tower-tie. Only gold medal Kyoto Exhibition of Aerial Appliances, 1997.

MR. KIPLING AS A WRITER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

She was cloaked by a skein of ravelled fluff beneath us, and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. *"Oh, ye Winds of God,"* sang the unseen voices: *"Bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever."*

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms they looked up and stretched out their hands neighbourly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white-button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dews of the night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished, her song continuing up. *Oh, ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.*

When it became a matter of preparing *With the Night Mail* for publication in book form Mr. Kipling was not content to let it appear in its original form. Years ago there was a story to the effect that Kipling asked his American publisher to forward to him a batch of the American magazines. The publisher complied, but for the purpose of decreasing the bulk, had the magazines stripped of their advertising pages. Kipling acknowledged the receipt of the magazines, but remonstrated against the mutilation on the

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ERNEST RENAN

Patrice, a posthumous work of Ernest Renan, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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AN ITALIAN IMPRESSION OF H. E. KREHBIEL, AUTHOR OF "CHAPTERS OF OPERA"

ground that the advertising pages made by far the most interesting reading. In much the same spirit Kipling claimed that *With the Night Mail,* as a magazine story of the year two thousand and twenty-five, should have the atmosphere of that period. So as a kind of appendix to the story he has written the Notes, Letters to the Editor, Answers to Correspondents, and Advertising Pages such as he believes will be found at the end of the magazines of that day.

In the Answers to Correspondents, Planiston, who is evidently of a sporting turn of mind, is informed that the Five Thousand Kilometer (overland) was won last year "By G. V. Hayden, R. M. Hayden, his brother, in the same week pulling off the Ten Thousand (oversea). R. M.'s average worked out at a fraction over 500 kilometer P. H., thus constituting a record." A correspondent who signs himself Paterfamilias has evidently been writing in a state of considerable exasperation. He is informed by the editor that a certain offender "is liable for direct damage both to your chimneys and any collateral damage caused by fall of bricks into garden, etc., etc. Bodily inconvenience and mental anguish may be included, but the average jury are not, as a rule, men of sentiment. If you can

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

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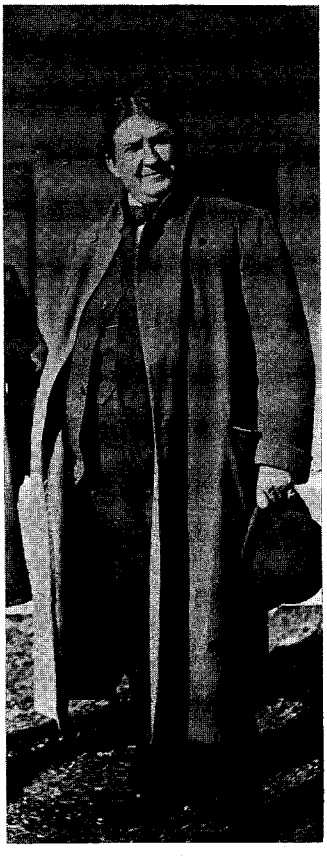


UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS ROBERT H. DAVIS

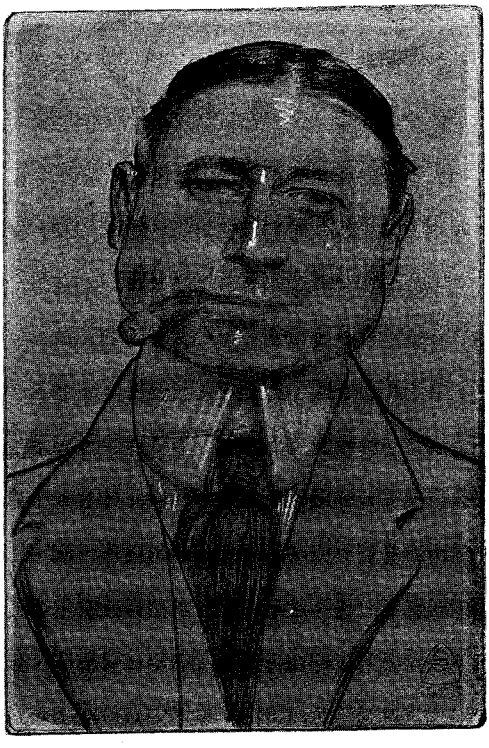
prove that his grapnel removed *any* portion of your roof, you had better rest your case on decoveture of domicile (V. Parkins *vs.* Duboulay). We entirely sympathise with your position, but the night of the 14th was stormy and confused, and—you may have to anchor on a stranger's chimney yourself some night. *Verbum sap!*"

"The Family"

Mr. Robert H. Davis's *The Family*, which opened a few nights ago in a Middle Western city, establishes, we think, a theatrical record. Mr. Davis began to write it September 20, 1908. Fifteen days later, October 5th, it was finished and in the stenographer's hands. Mr. Henry Miller accepted the play twenty-four hours after it was offered him for a reading. At the conclusion of one conference with Mr. Davis, the contracts were signed, and *The Family* was put into rehearsal. While this is Mr. Davis's first venture as a playwright, he has long been widely known in magazine circles. In fact, he is usually spoken of as "the human dynamo," as he furnishes the editorial motive power to three or four magazines at a time and is ready to launch a new one upon a moment's notice.

Rowland Thomas

Mr. Rowland Thomas, whose book *The Little Gods* has just been published, is likely to be remembered for some years to come as the very fortunate recipient of the five thousand dollars offered three or four years ago by *Collier's Weekly* for the Prize Short Story. The winning tale, "Fagan," is incorporated in the present volume.



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
From a caricature by Mielziner

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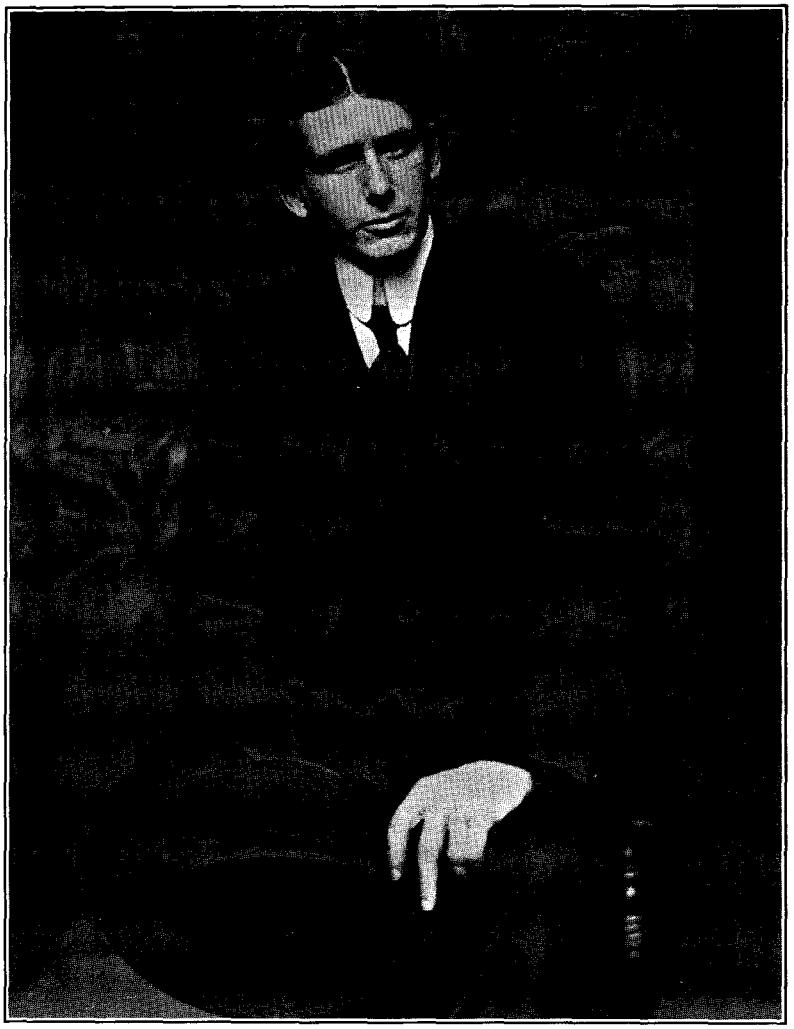

ROWLAND THOMAS

Mr. Thomas has seen fit to change its beginning, and we venture the opinion that had the story as it now stands been sent in to the competition the first prize would have been awarded to another author. There is a very interesting little story about the manner in which Mr. Thomas was informed of his success. He had comparatively little faith in "Fagan," which was founded on an actual episode and character, pinning his hopes on another story which he had entered in the contest. When it was decided that the first prize was to be given to "Fagan," Mr. Albert Lee, of *Collier's,* wrote to Mr. Thomas, saying nothing of the award, but intimating that one of his stories was to be among those purchased, and asking him to come to New York in order to discuss some articles about the Philippines which the magazine wished him to undertake. Without the slightest suspicion of the real state of affairs, Mr. Thomas came. He was met by Mr. Lee and taken to the home of Mr. Collier, where he met, besides Mr. Collier, Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, and Mr. Robert Collier, of the Weekly's staff, and Mr. Walter H.

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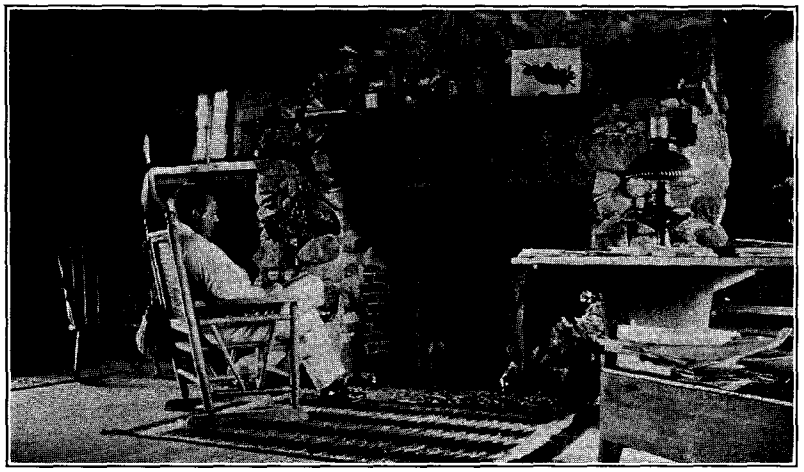

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — FREDERICK ORRIN BARTLETT

Mr. Bartlett's *The Web of the Golden Spider* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The above picture shows the author in his Maine Bungalow

Page. The company sat down to dinner, during which every topic was discussed with the exception of the Prize Contest. Finally, during a lull in the conversation, Mr. Collier arose and, holding up his glass, said: "Now that we are here, I wish to propose a health to the winner of the first prize." Every one, including Mr. Thomas, rose and held up his glass. Mr. Collier went on: "The health of the winner of the Five-Thousand-Dollar Prize—Mr. Rowland Thomas."

DEMETRA VAKA (MRS. KENNETH BROWNE),
Author of *Haremlik*

SUSAN GLASPELL
Author of *The Glory of the Conquered*

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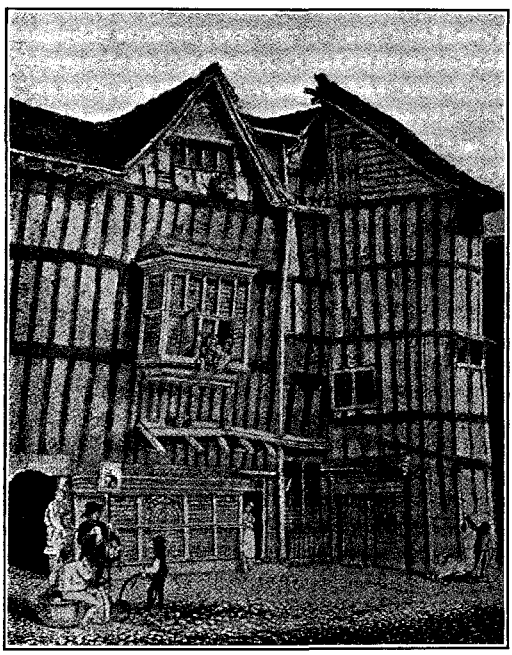
The Real Grub Street

The accompanying illustration gives a glimpse of the real Grub Street, that historic thoroughfare inhabited by the impecunious author of the London of the early eighteenth century. The house of the illustration was known as Sweedon's Passage, and was one of the oldest houses standing in London in 1791. It had a curious projecting wing, containing a winding staircase. Sir Richard Whittington (the famous "Dick") and Sir Thomas Gresham were said to have lived there. The ballad-monger on the left of the illustration is Joseph Clinch, who wrote a ballad on Dick Whittington about 1770. Grub Street has been for years known as Milton Street. It is a short thoroughfare, only a few hundred yards distant from the Bank of England, and not very far from the Charter house, that school which played so great a part in moulding the masters of English literature.



SWEEDON'S PASSAGE. GRUB STREET

In a figurative sense there has always been a Grub Street; there is a Grub Street to-day, and there will be a Grub Street so long as time shall last. The character of the inhabitants varies from time to time. We know most of Grub Street in Dr. Johnson's day and before it. The late George Gissing in *New Grub Street* drew a very vivid picture of the life of Grub Street as it was thirty years ago. The writers of "penny dreadfuls" were usually to be found there and the precursors of the great English newspaper proprietors, who made ineffectual efforts to anticipate public taste found refuge in its garrets. The curious feature of Grub Street is that it has always been made of garrets. No one ever read of a first and second floor in that thoroughfare. It was there that the editor of *All Sorts* made his start in vain; it was there that the compilers pursued their humble drudge work; it was there that educated men lived with uneducated wives; it was there that the happiness of life was completely blasted from a too chivalrous regard for the letter "h." The male inhabitant had to marry a girl who was in the habit of misusing that fraction of the alphabet, and somehow she could

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RICHTER AS WAGNER AND WAGNER AS RICHTER

By Oscar Larum in the *London Sketch*

By turning this sketch of Richter upside down the reader will find a likeness of Richard Wagner

not be taught in twenty years to do it justice. So such dialogues as this took place: "Could you not use a 'ansom to-night, Alfred?" "*Can't* you call it hansom? Have I not been telling you for twenty years to say hansom? I am sick of you." Thereupon the unfortunate lady retired for a quiet cry. There is no better representative of the Grub Street of modern times than Alfred Yule in George Gissing's book.

❧

A Case of Unconscious Cerebration

Our respected contemporary, the New York *Evening Post,* invented the expression "the Deadly Parallel," though it did not invent the thing thus characterised. It would be a pity to work the Deadly Parallel on the *Post* itself, though we are somewhat tempted to do so at the present time. On February 25th THE BOOKMAN appeared, containing a careful estimate of President Roosevelt and of his two administrations. On March 3d the *Evening Post* published an editorial entitled "A Parting Glance at Roosevelt." We invite the attention of our readers to the remarkable similarity which exists between the article in THE BOOKMAN and the editorial in the *Evening Post.* Far be it from us to insinuate that the *Post's* editorial writer was guilty of conscious plagiarism. It is impossible, however, not to flatter ourselves that he is an assiduous reader of this magazine, and that his mind is perhaps unduly given to unconscious cerebration.

❧

James MacArthur

James MacArthur, whose death we recorded briefly in our last issue, was born February 18, 1866, in Glasgow, Scotland, lived there during his early life, and married there. He came to the United States in 1888, and at the time Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company were contemplating the establishment of this magazine he held a position in a business capacity with the house. Mr. MacArthur had been a wide reader, he had entered into correspondence with several well-known writers in this country and in England, and he possessed marked literary ambitions and enthusiasms. These qualities led to his selection as one of the editors of THE BOOKMAN when it was founded in 1895. He brought to the task a fresh mind, and his work fully justified the wisdom of the selection. With this magazine he remained until October, 1899, when he retired from the editorial staff in order to accept a responsible position in connection with the literary enterprises first of Messrs.

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Doubleday and McClure, and later of the Messrs. Harper. With the latter house he remained until the time of his death.

Mr. MacArthur's enthusiasm, his keen interest in contemporary literature, his instinctive understanding of the public taste, and his wide acquaintance among the men and women who write, both in the United States and England, made him a well-known figure in publishing circles. At Harpers, in addition to acting in the capacity of a literary adviser, he had much to do with *Harper's Bazar* and *Harper's Weekly*. Of recent years he devoted much of his bouyant activity to the writing of plays. His first venture was a successful dramatisation of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. In collaboration with Max Pemberton he produced *The Mask of the White Rose* and *Kronstadt;* and with Rex Beach made the dramatisation of *The Spoilers*. It was his stage version of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in which Miss Henrietta Crossman appeared two years ago. Writing for the theatre was the field which he liked best, and he threw himself into it with characteristic ardour. His friends used laughingly to say that he had made a scenario of every popular novel of the last ten years, and hinted at the existence of a James MacArthur dramatisation of Webster's Dictionary.

FLED ARE THE SNOWS

(Horace, Odes, iv, 7)

Fled are the snows and again comes the greenness of Spring to the meadows,
Clustering leaves to the trees.
Changed is the face of the earth, and the rivers flow onward serenely,
Flooding no longer their banks.
Freed from the trammels of Winter, the Nymphs with their sisters, the Graces,
Airily join in the dance.
Hope not for endless delights. Each swift-flying hour that passes
Lessens thy vanishing store.
Winter is softened by Spring, who succumbs to the heat-laden Summer,
Doomed in her turn to depart;
Lavishly scatt'ring her fruits, still resplendent, bright Autumn is vanquished,
Winter broods grey o'er the earth.
Ah, but the loss of the year is repaired by the on-coming spring-time!
We, when the call comes to go
Whither went father Æneas, and whither rich Tullus, and Ancus,
Dust and a shadow become.
Who can be sure that the gods, in the councils of Heaven, are adding
One to the sum of to-day?
All you have cherished and loved will descend to an heir, all the treasures
Heaped on the altar of self.
Once you are dead, and have heard at the awful tribunal of Minos
Judgment pronounced on your deeds,
Not the renown of your birth, nor your learning, Torquatus, nor goodness,
Life, with its joys, can restore.
Back from the shades not Diana could summon Hippolytus, falsely
Slain by a treacherous lie;
Nor could the valour of Theseus avail for Pirithoüs cherished,
Death's dreaded fetters to break.

Elizabeth H. du Bois

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NAPOLEON. A STUDY

THE ART OF CARAN D'ACHE

HEN the first Napoleon embarked on his disastrous Russian campaign there was in his army a young but already distinguished officer named Poiré. This officer was not one of the few who reached France with the Emperor after the terrible retreat, nor was he one of the many who left their bones to whiten in the Russian snows. Poiré had the fortune to be wounded and captured at the battle of Moskowa. He fell into the hands of some humane Russian officers, was nursed back to strength and health, and was for some years a prisoner in a Russian fortress. There he met and fell in love with the Russian woman whom he eventually married. By this time Elba, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo had become history. The Little Corporal was at St. Helena, and there was nothing to call an officer of the Grande Armée back to France. So Poiré yielded to his wife's wishes, settled in Moscow, and founded a fencing school which became famous, and where *l'escrime Française* was introduced, for the first time, into the Russian army. In Moscow, in 1858, was born his grandson, Emmanuel Poiré, afterward to become known to the world as Caran d'Ache.

Despite their Muscovite birth and environment, the old Napoleonic soldier never allowed his children to forget that they were French, and that their expatriation as a family was only temporary. From his earliest years the dominant idea of the boy Emmanuel was to reconquer his French nationality. When he was seventeen years of age his father died, and despite the advice and protests of his friends, he went to the French Embassy to find out what steps he should take to fulfil his obligation to la Patrie by serving his time in the French army. Having obtained this information, he set out for France with very little money in his pocket, but with splendid hopes and enthusiasms.

Already Emmanuel Poiré cherished the ambition of becoming a military painter. Once some one had made him a present of a book of French engravings, and among its contents was a description of Edouard Detaille together with some examples of his work. So, with the temerity of youth, Poiré no sooner reached Paris than he presented himself at M. Detaille's door with a portfolio of sketches under his arm. The great mili-

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From '*L'Épopée*

THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA

tary painter was generous in his reception and quick to recognise an embryonic talent. He urged the boy to persevere, and never lost sight of him during the time that he was serving as a private in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of the Line. He advised Poiré to study from life in preference to becoming a student in an art school. Finally it was to a great extent through his influence that the young soldier, who had been promoted to corporal, was assigned to work at the War Office among those whose duty it was to prepare drawings of the army uniforms.

His period of military service at an end, Emmanuel Poiré became one of the Montmartre Bohemians who frequented the famous Cabaret du Chat Noir in the Rue Victor Masse, and began to contribute to the illustrated papers under the name of Caran d'Ache, which is Russian for lead pencil. These years of his *début* have a curious and original interest. Producing little, but that little of high quality, it was possible for him to command a high price for his work. Even at times of the most extreme poverty he would not allow his necessities to hurry him. Finally came the great stroke of fortune, the production that was to change him from an obscure struggler to a conspicuous personage—"l'Epopée," the series of silhouettes dealing with the Napoleonic drama.

It originated in this manner. A friend asked him to design a cover for a comic song. To carry out his idea he turned to the old-fashioned silhouette, and realised at once its infinite possibilities. The result was "l'Epopée," which told the story of the wars of Napoleon in thirty tableaux, introducing four thousand figures and horses. These tableaux showed armies marching and counter-marching, furious cannonades, and splendid charges of cavalry. "These charges were so vividly achieved," M. Arsène Alexandre once said, "that one actually *heard* the galloping of horses." Staged at the Chat Noir, where the action took place across a comparatively small white screen, "l'Epopée" had an immediate and astonishing success. To witness this extraordinary novelty artists came from all parts of Europe. Among the celebrities who visited Montmartre to find the Chat Noir were Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, President Grévy, and General Boulanger.

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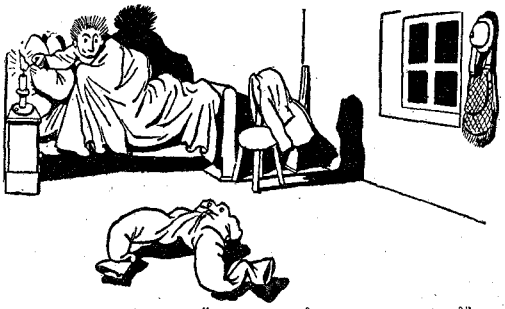
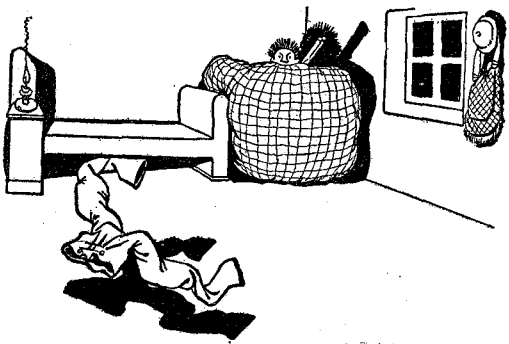


THE HAUNTED HOUSE. I.—"WHAT DO I SEE? MY TROUSERS DANCING?"



THE HAUNTED HOUSE. II.—GUN AND BARRICADE.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. III.—THE GHOSTS APPEAR.

Drawings of "l'Epopée" were sent "by request" to the then Czar of Russia, who remained to the end of his life one of Caran d'Ache's most constant patrons.

For some time after the production of "l'Epopée," Caran d'Ache confined himself mainly to silhouettes. Several other series of his tableaux were produced at the Chat Noir, among them one depicting a procession in the Bois de Boulogne of celebrated Parisian women, perfectly easy of recognition, with a great variety of horses, from the high-strung thoroughbred to the broken-down beast of the Parisian cabman. Animals he always held to be as interesting as human beings. No one, he believed, could be a better sitter than a dog when he had a mind that way. Whenever he could spare the time he would spend a morning in the Jardin d'Acclimation. But horses always remained his favourites. He had begun his study of them when very young, as a child in Russia. On several occasions he had placed himself, during military manœuvres, before the cavalry in full charge, saving himself in the nick of time by dodging behind a tree when the horses were but a few feet distant.

As a strictly political cartoonist Caran d'Ache soon wielded a wide influence not only in France but throughout Europe. His pencil played an important part in bringing about the alliance between France and Russia, his Russian birth naturally inclining him to a favourable attitude toward the Czar and his Empire. On the other hand, no caricaturist of his time so cruelly and successfully hit off the foibles and indiscretions of "Lui"—Wilhelm the Second of Germany. One of his cartoons after the dismissal of Bismarck shows the Kaiser in a trainer's cage surrounded by a pack of mutinous, snapping beasts representing various members of the German Empire. The Iron Chancellor, who is watching the scene, says: "I left him a circus; he has turned it into a menagerie." During the Panama exposures, which cost so many reputations, and in which President Grévy and his son-in-law, Wilson, were implicated, Caran d'Ache summed up the scandal in his *Carnet de Cheques,* a collection of biting comments which greatly enhanced his reputation and popularity. Then there was the exceedingly characteristic series of pictures entitled the "Jewish Question." Two men are arguing; one contending that the Jews as a race worship only money; the other maintaining that when it comes to money Jews and Christians are exactly the same. They agree to decide the dispute by a practical test. Two men, one a Christian and the other a Jew, approach from opposite directions. A twenty franc piece is thrown into the gutter. With equal greediness each of the newcomers dives

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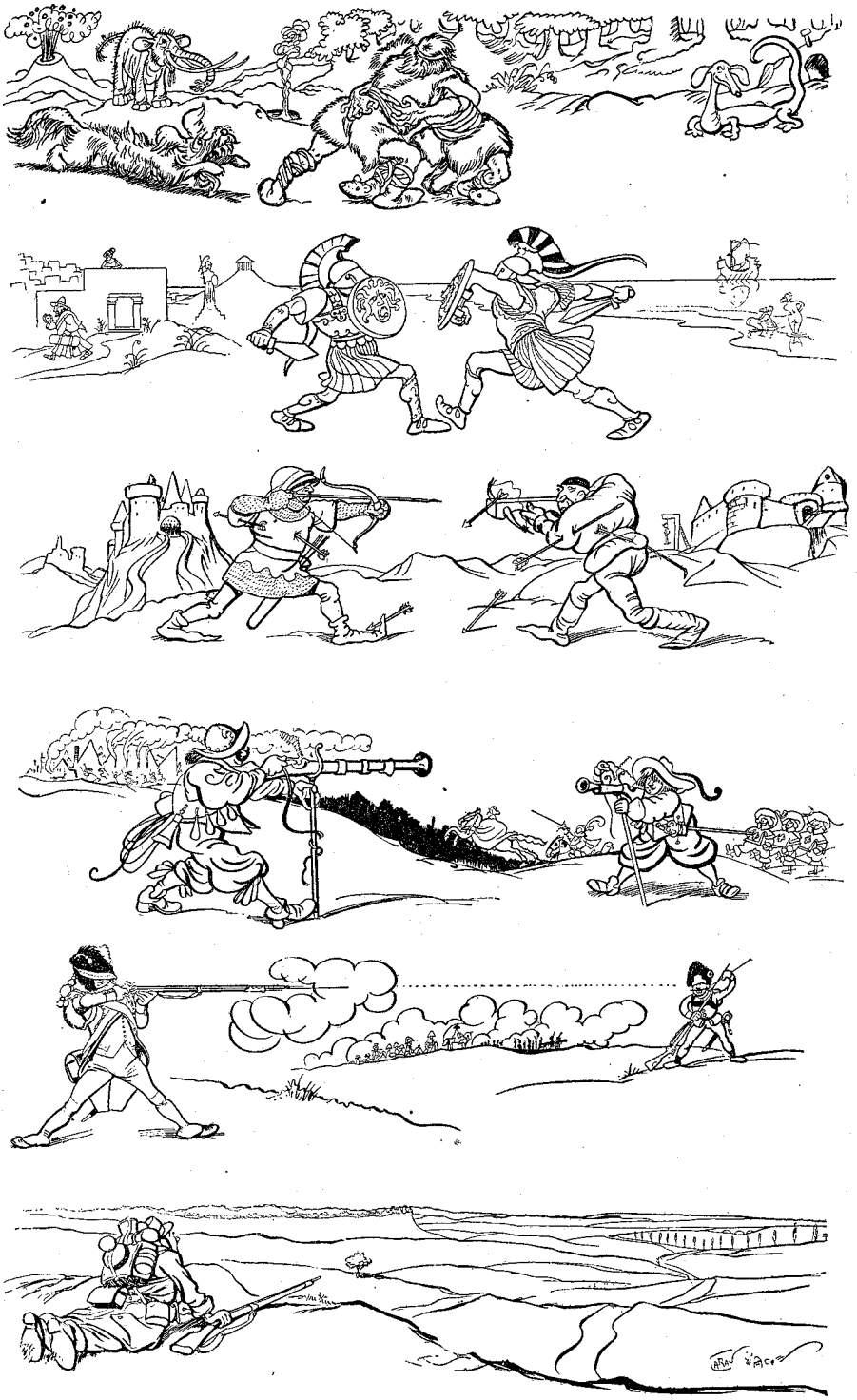

THE EVOLUTION OF WAR

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for it. Only when the two pick themselves up it is the Jew who has the money.

But it is as a pictorial satirist of foibles and manners, as a master of the comic episode, the "Story without words," a *genre* which he introduced into France, that Caran d'Ache attained his biggest heights. For example, take two of the series of sketches reproduced with this article, "The New Hat" and "A Pious Lie." Is there anything in the work of Wilhelm Busch, Caran d'Ache's great German contemporary, that surpasses these two; that even equals them? Take "The New Hat." Here is a grotesque idea carried to its extreme. Yet when

STUDY. BY CARAN D'ACHE

once you catch the spirit of the pictures, the exaggerated resentment of the aggrieved party seems quite natural, and when finally you lay the series aside, your sympathies are, as Caran d'Ache intended they should be, entirely with the outraged owner of the hat. Even better, to the mind of the present writer, is "Un Pieux Mensonge," in which are mingled delightful humour and genuine tenderness. The hunter and his dog, out for game, come upon a rabbit hole. The dog dives down and finds Monsieur and Madame Rabbit at home, at the ends of a dining-table flanked by the little Rabbits. A terrible moment. Madame rushes to enfold her offspring. Monsieur approaches the invader. He pleads for mercy. The dog shakes his head; he is not to be softened. Monsieur continues his supplications; he brings his wife and the little ones to add their prayers to his. The dog is visibly touched. Finally two large tears roll down his cheeks, and he takes his departure to report to his master with noble mendacity: "There is no one there."

Describing his methods, Caran d'Ache once said: "I work very slowly and I have preferred to draw in line. Of course, from my point of view artists should be able to draw anything. As to myself, I leave one branch of art severely alone: that is portrait-painting. Friends have often asked me to draw them; if ever I attempt to carry out their wishes they are anything but pleased with the result. The worst of it is I really see people in line, and often, when I have produced a group which I consider almost photographic in its accuracy, I am informed that I have rarely made a better caricature!

"My subjects I find here, there and everywhere: at a fashionable wedding; at any one and at all of the funerals, which, alas! play so great a part in our social life; when riding home on the top of an omnibus; walking, riding, cycling, impressions are stamped as it were on my brain. I do not entirely rely on memory, for I am fond of jotting down notes in a small memorandum-book if I hear a funny or original phrase, a joke that

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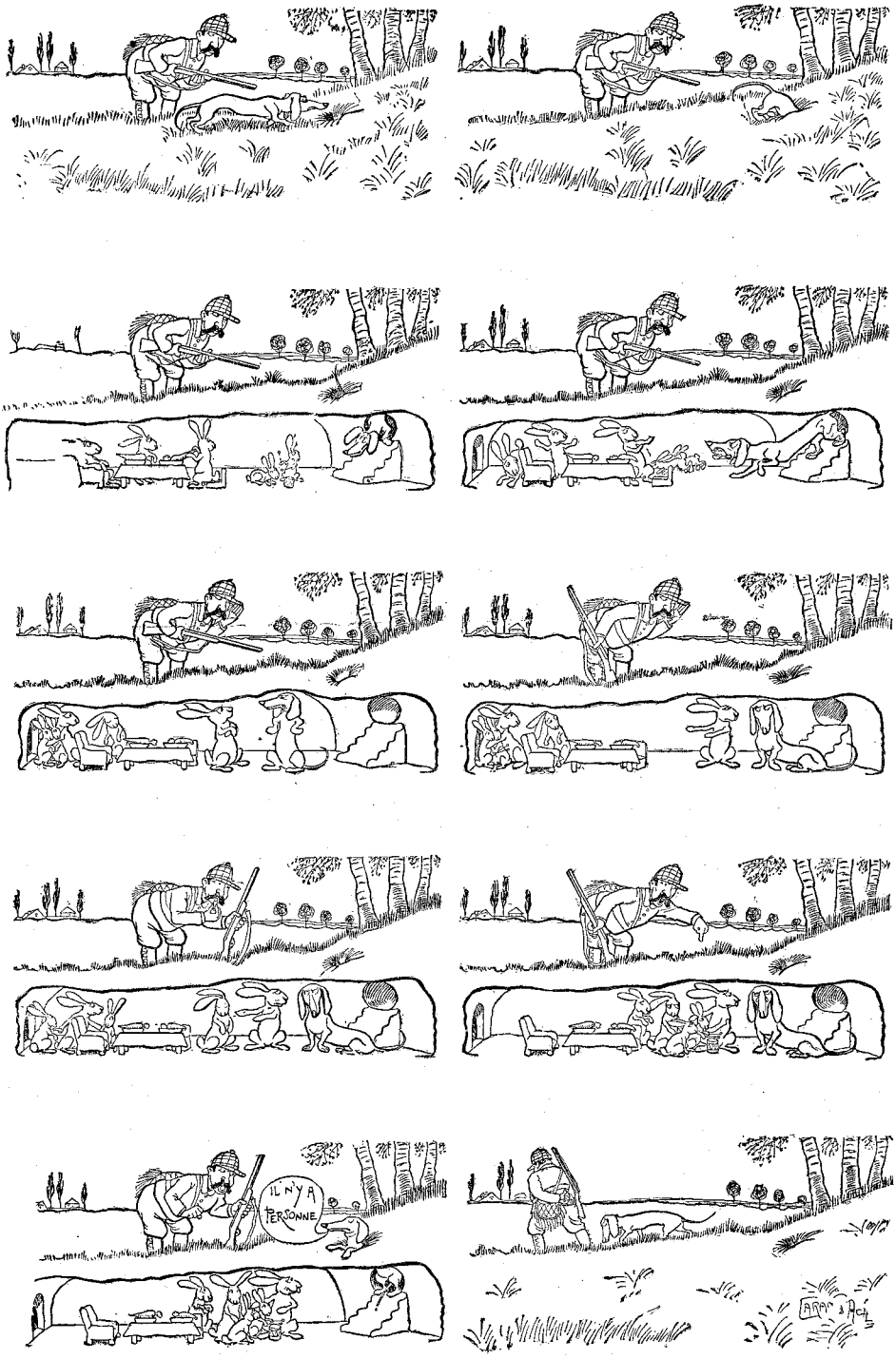

A PIOUS LIE. A TALE OF THE HUNT

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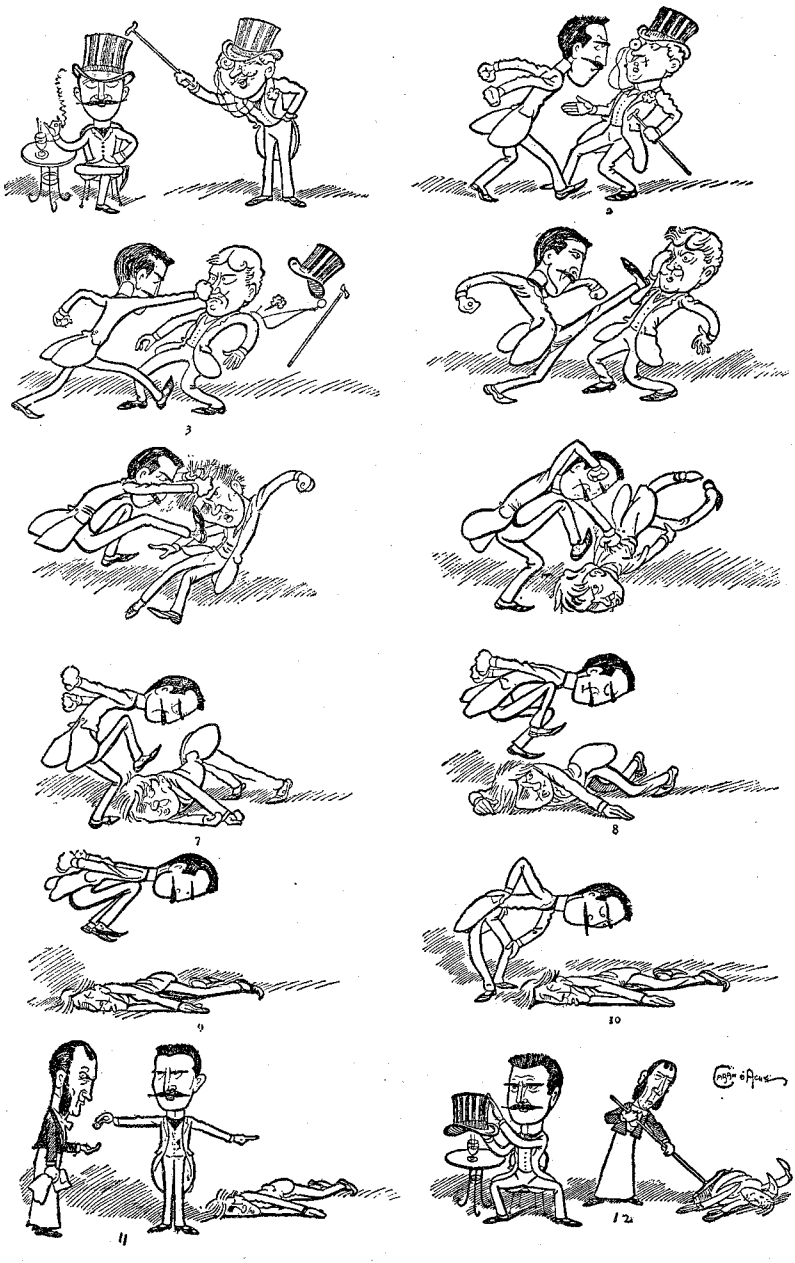

THE NEW HAT

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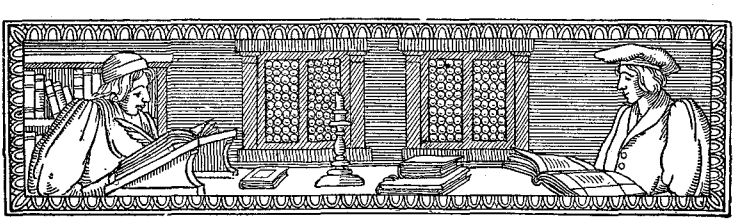
strikes me as really new, or anything that will suggest a new composition. I make use of a kind of artistic shorthand, which I will defy any one but myself to understand; the signs are made very quickly, they overlap one another; to me each is instinct with meaning, and even with form. But when it comes to the finished drawing that is a very different matter, no pains can be too great; and I can truly say that at no time, even when I was very poor, did I allow the necessities of the moment, if I may use such an expression, to control my output. I am a believer in very careful and conscientious work. People imagine that my drawings are 'dashed off.' I bow down before those who can produce easily; alas! I cannot claim to imitate their example. Take one comparatively simple matter, that of costume. Tell me what a man wears, and I will tell you what manner of man he is."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

STUDY. BY CARAN D'ACHE



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THY WAY

To live as thou would'st have me every day,
To do the things that thou would'st, in thy way,
Brave and undaunted, honourable and mild,
Loving, unselfish, simple as a child,
Whose eyes and heart have turned to Heaven and smiled.

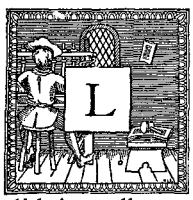
With each sun, saying, "It's but a day
To crown, with thoughtfulness another's way
Needs something I can give, Love's debt I'll pay."
Acknowledging God's plan, His beauteous hand,
Finding in blossom sunshine, sky and land,
Choosing thy words: "Give thanks, we understand."

To bear, to strive, to work, to gain, to show
No alien eye, the problem that I know
To lock in in my heart and smiling go.

This is my all, my creed, my goal, to say
When night bends low to bind each bleeding day,
"As I had strength—Dear Heart—'twas in thy way."

Jean Wilde Clark.

THE GHOST WALKS: THE ACTOR AND HIS EARNINGS



LAWRENCE BARRETT once manufactured a coat of mail by studding a woollen undershirt with suspender buttons, all because the long-expected ghost didn't walk on salary night, and he had to pace presentably the parapet of Elsinore whether or no. Who first said "the ghost walks," meaning salaries are being handed out, and just why he said it, is now lost in mystery. The play of *Hamlet* used to be the mainstay of the little fly-by-night company, and it is rather pleasing to fancy that once upon a time the business manager doubled with Hamlet's father—a part which admirably left him free after the third act to collect what money there was in the box and return to dispense it to the actors at the end of the play. Under such circumstances one may picture the trembling intensity of the hero's query, "Will it walk again tonight think you?" and Horatio shouting to keep his courage up, "I warrant you it will!" But whatever its origin, the phrase and its twin, "walking the ties"—a vivid presentment of the stranded actor—bid fair to outlast Shakespeare on our stages.

The earliest record we have of the size of theatrical salaries in England is for one of the Miracle plays. It is as follows:

Pay'd to the players for rehearsal—	
imprimis to God.....	2s. 6d.
to Pilate his wife..:.....	2s.
to Fauston for cockcrowing..	3d.
Item for setting World on fire..	5d.
for mending Hell.....	2d.
for painting Hell-mouth.....	3d.

From this expense account we may deduce several things. First, that actors

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were paid there as much as they could earn anywhere else; and second, that they were paid for rehearsal. Neither of these is true to-day. But let not any actor who is forced to present his management with three to eight weeks' rehearsal for a play, which after all may fail, imagine that managers were a more humane race in the days of the Miracles. The explanation is simplicity itself—the actors were their own managers. The trade guilds who ran the plays supplied the performers out of their own number, and the trades were as touchy then as they are now about having their men quit work for nothing. Nor, indeed, could these be considered the palmy days of the actor when it is recollected that only the rehearsals and not the performance were paid for, since the Miracles were played only once a year and then on a holiday, when the artisan would not be earning money anyway. In one respect, however, the modern actor may well sigh for the good old times. The super who did the cockcrowing got as much for the work of his lungs as the painter who painted Hell-mouth and a third more than the carpenter who mended it got for the work of their hands. This enviable state of things can be appreciated by the modern actor who finds both scale of wages forced up and security of position ensured by the stagehands' union while his own position is still at the mercy of a capricious demand and supply and uncertain at best unless he can succeed in cornering the market—which may be in the power of Gods or Mrs. Pilates, but never of cockcrowers. Thus from the very beginning the leading people took most of the money.

"THE AMERICAN COUSIN"

No better paid were the inferior actors in Elizabethan days. At Blackfriars—Shakespeare's second theatre—the sum of forty-five shillings a night covered not only their entire salaries, but all the expenses besides, of rent, lighting, wardrobe, service, and royalty for plays. The principal actors fared immeasurably better. They were almost always partners in the business, the canny proprietor perceiving it would be cheaper to make them share his risks. The supply of eligible boys for girls' parts never equalled the demand, and consequently the manager found it far better to play them, too, on a percentage of profits than on a salary, that they might share the losses if the plays did not succeed. The elder Sothern tried the same arrangement when he went to London with *The American Cousin,* in which he had so unexpectedly made a great hit in America. To the surprise of every one the play was a failure the first night, and, seeing his salary recede to the vanishing point, he demanded a fixed sum instead. This arrangement on the basis of a not very profitable attraction, was no sooner made than the house picked up, and in another week the play became one of the greatest successes in stage history; whereupon Sothern demanded back his old contract, but the manager refused. In Shakespeare's day, unless the actor were important enough to be a sharer in the business, he got very little; and if he were he became almost invariably wealthy.

UNDER THE RESTORATION

In late Restoration times is recorded an illustration of how much more exposed to mere chance is the theatrical profession than any other. Colley Cibber was getting fifteen shillings a week when one of those lucky happenings came which is found to be the turning-point in almost every actor's reminiscences. The actor who played the principal part in Congreve's *Double Dealer* was taken ill the night of all nights in the world when Queen Mary had signified her intention of coming to see the play. The young actor was jumped into the part, and the Queen's commendation made both his success and that of the piece, which before had been a failure. Cibber might have spent a lifetime waiting for the leading-man's shoes, and he sprang at once into good parts and a great raise of five shillings a week. One wonders how in Restoration days, if this is what an important actor received, the little man lived at all; but there were plenty of people in those days more than willing to give both actor and actress a lift. Sal-

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aries for leads had gone up considerably, however, when Peg Woffington—already the rage of Dublin—asked nine pounds a week to appear in London in 1740. Two years later a new epoch in salaries was ushered in by a curious foreshadowing of local theatrical conditions in New York City. The right to play legitimate plays had since the beginning of the Restoration period been vested solely in the two patent theatres, and neither would have anything to do with young David Garrick, who had come to town fresh from provincial triumphs. Finally he found his chance at a smaller theatre, which, not being allowed to give a dramatic performance, was providing "concerts"—entertainments consisting of an entire play sandwiched in between musical numbers at the beginning and end. The success of these concerts with Garrick was so enormous that the patent houses played to empty benches and, thoroughly alarmed, they began to bid against each other for his services. He was finally captured by Drury Lane at the then unheard-of price of six hundred guineas the season; and thus a new record was begun. It was Elliston, the manager of Drury Lane, who, in 1820, in order to overwhelm the inferior company at Covent Garden, inaugurated the era of large salaries for the rank just below stardom, an era which on the whole has for the first-class actor continued ever since. The high-water mark of English stellar salaries was almost reached by Madame Vestris, who after twenty years was earning the pay of a prime-minister. She got two hundred and forty pounds a week, a sum which sounds almost incredible to Americans—for the American tour of the lady, much to the excited indignation of her English admirers, was a frost. And this then amazing sum was even exceeded by Edmund Kean, who, in 1829, was getting fifty pounds a night and benefits besides. When Macready acted at the Haymarket Theatre his salary was four thousand pounds a year, while a star of greater fame—Mrs. Siddons—had received in 1804 only twenty pounds a night. It must have irked the "tragic muse" that on the very same stage, in the same year, Master Betty, the infant prodigy, was at the age of thirteen playing grown-up heroes for fifty guineas a night, a sum which she equalled only in the zenith of her fame and when she played more rarely, five years later. Nor was even she able to alternate from one theatre to the other and thus more than double her salary. So much was London in the golden epoch of the stage doing for the freak actor. The freak actor is still with us, and the heroine of a notable trial or the hero of a prize fight was a while ago able to command a fabulous sum for the short time it takes public curiosity to satisfy itself.

EARLY AMERICAN SALARIES

In America, salaries at the early New York theatres were extremely small. It often happened that Junius Brutus Booth—father of Edwin—was not to be found in his dressing-room when the curtain was about to ring up, but the management knew just where to look for him. He would be discovered at a neighbouring saloon in pawn for fifty cents worth of ale, sitting unconcernedly at a table with the cheque in his hat waiting to be redeemed. But if the salaries were small, so were the prices of admission. One shilling, twelve and a half cents, let you in to the gallery or the pit; and if you didn't have the shilling, the mercenary management forced you to pay thirteen cents. So the boys got the habit of changing their money at a fish-woman's on the corner, who for fifteen cents obligingly gave them a shilling and a pig's foot—they handed in the shilling at the door and during the course of the evening presented the well-picked bone to the management by way of some unfortunate in the pit or on the stage. When Mrs. John Drew first came to America, she and her mother received between them sixteen dollars a week; and years afterward, in 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, already well established in England, got precisely the same amount for their joint salary. But as the actor had no social position then and no manager expected him to cut a dash, one could board very comfortably for four dollars a week. The season, too, was practically all the year, with perhaps one month's vacation in July or August. These long

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seasons continued all through the old stock-days, but they began steadily to diminish under the travelling system. Even in the nineties actors were complaining that the good old forty weeks' season was a thing of the past, and at present twenty weeks is considered a fairly long season for the average show with two and sometimes three half-salaried weeks at that.

OLD "STOCK" DAYS

The old "family stock" days were perhaps the most comfortable and secure the actor has ever known. All the chief towns in America had their own companies. The salaries for the leads ranged from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, and the scale descended to ten dollars for the walking gentlemen and much lower for the utility ladies—Clara Morris, for instance, entered the "ballet" of the Cleveland stock in 1865 for three dollars a week. On their salaries the actors were supposed to dress their parts, often for three plays an evening. But audiences in those days had not been sartorially stimulated by lavish display or the press agent, and the modern wardrobe of a juvenile man at fifteen dollars a week was finely equipped with a suit of evening clothes, a silk hat, a light suit, a frock coat with a white waistcoat, and a velvet jacket. By a nice combination of these every exigency could be met; and an actor with a larger wardrobe was but padding out a slender talent. Nowadays neither actor nor actress may wear the same clothes twice, and though generally the costumes are supplied in costume parts, all accessories—wigs, hose, laces, jewels, gloves and shoes—must come out of the actor's own pocket. In the stock days the ambition of every actor was to become a visiting star and travel from company to company in a repertory of plays in which he had made a reputation. When Junius Brutus Booth became a visiting star he received three hundred dollars a week, but later the star might instead of a salary get a percentage of the profits and one-half the gross receipts on Friday nights. In the early seventies the system began to disintegrate by a natural process of accumulation. The star began to bring his leading lady or leading man with him, and the entire home company would thus have to move down a peg. Aimée, the French actress, was probably the first to tour the entire country with her own company in 1870-1871. This started the fashion of a star travelling with a little band of his most important satellites; and in the year 1876 it occurred to a native manager to try Aimée's experiment with Lawrence Barrett. He played in the stock theatres of the large cities, the house company being laid off for the week and generally at full salaries which, as Barrett raised the prices, the management was fully able to pay. Other travelling companies followed his lead, and so the "combination" system was begun. This had an immediate effect on salaries—as the demand was thus largely increased they began steadily to rise. Theatres were built in the smaller towns, hitherto unable to support a stock company; and the result was that the old visiting star system was gradually driven out. About 1880 the last star abandoned the practice and took to touring on his own account. The stock companies themselves continued for some years longer, but little by little they retired before the new custom. It was in the year 1893 that the great financial panic came and salaries fell with a thump. They had just begun to rise again when the theatrical syndicate got on a strategic and offensive basis with the defection of most of the stars to their management. Then when the smaller theatres found they could not meet the exactions of the syndicate and do business at a profit, they started stocks again. For a time the old habit had an Indian summer, but the system now once more seems on the wane. The influence of the syndicate on salaries seems to have been neither uniform nor consistent, but it succeeded at first in cutting down the average and low salaries, and in trimming the larger ones; an actor to-day, however, can always force up his salary when he appears indispensable to the part.

STARS OF YESTERDAY

In the last quarter of a century successful stars have made great earnings, even if they have not always had something to show for it. Booth, in the last three years of his life, saved large sums

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of money, and for many years he had been a gold-mine. It is said that he got sixty per cent. and Barrett forty per cent. of their takings, while Madame Modjeska, in the famous last performances of the trio, worked on a salary of five hundred dollars a week—a smaller sum than she would get in these days. As prices were doubled, Booth's share must have been about a thousand dollars a night. He left more than a million dollars, and it must be remembered that both he and Barrett in their late careers made great sums which were entirely unaccounted for, since it was only toward the end that they began to save. Lotta, with her pranks and rogueries—no actress, as John Brougham said, but a dramatic cocktail—was more prudent, and by dint of successful investments is said to be worth three millions. Maggie Mitchell is another rich retired millionaire who early learned to shun the improvidence and extravagance which used to be inseparable from the artistic temperament. The other special accompaniment of the actor's make-up and his peculiar virtue, easy generosity, is probably responsible for the fact that Miss Kate Claxton, who for a generation made fifty thousand dollars a year with *The Two Orphans,* has now little to show for it. Miss Clara Morris confesses in her autobiography to no business ability, and it is for this reason that she must now eke out a slender income with her pen. Even from the first she was unfortunate, for she came a leading lady from the Cincinnati stock to play for Daly at thirty-five dollars a week, and even after she made her enormous hit she signed at fifty-five dollars for the next season—no larger sum than Daly was paying his inferior people. But neither the actor's failings of improvidence and bad business ability, nor his great virtue of heedless generosity, prevented Joseph Jefferson from amassing a great fortune. He never wasted a cent on productions or royalties, or did anything for the American stage beyond adorning it. Henry Irving was of the opinion that no conscientious artistic manager who wanted to put on large pieces could die a rich man, and his own experience seems to justify the statement. Mansfield, whose fortune was estimated near the million mark, did not himself make any elaborate or careful production aside from *Cyrano*—his *Julius Cæsar* is said to have been bought outright from Irving's *Coriolanus* production. His money was chiefly earned in the last years of his life, when he is said to have worked on a salary of five thousand dollars a week. This great sum his managers could well afford, for they published that his last week in New York drew nineteen thousand dollars. It is said that in the Sothern-Marlowe combination each of the stars received two thousand five hundred dollars a week, although they came far short of bringing to their management Mansfield's returns.

COMING DOWN TO FIGURES

The salary of stars is a very flexible thing, and from season to season responds to box-office statements of the preceding year. The earnings of a certain established woman-star have thus varied from five hundred to a thousand a week with an interest in all profits above a fixed figure, to a flat four hundred with no interest at all. Then, too, as the chief asset of a star is advertisement, to get it a new star is quite willing to accept a small amount. Thus it is said that Mr. John Drew on his first starring tour consented to take much less than he received as leading man at Daly's, with the understanding that each year his salary was to increase. For the management in building up his name as a star throughout the country was under great expense. "There is much virtue," says Touchstone, "in an if," but for the actor there is far more in the simple particles "in" and "with": if you are billed "in" a play you are a star, if you are billed "with" you are only featured. But both prepositions are worth many dollars a week to the actor. Clara Bloodgood on her first tour was getting much less than her leading man. For a certain part a short while ago, a leading man demanded two hundred and fifty a week, but he would compound for two hundred providing he was featured—thus his name would be built up at the management's cost against the day when he

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should himself become a star. One of the many curious anomalies of the stage is that some enormous money-getters on the road do not do particularly well or fail altogether in New York. Miss Nethersole and Miss Florence Roberts are among this class; and recently Miss Viola Allen has seemed to be also. *The Christian* made her almost at once with no intermediate steps perhaps the biggest money-maker in the theatre. When this play was secured for her first starring vehicle she, being an unknown quantity in the country at large, received a small salary and a large interest; the play was a pyrotechnic success, and she reaped a fortune from it. Another anomaly is, that stars like Joseph Murphy and Miss Maud Feally, scarcely known in New York, pack the houses in their particular sections of the country. An actor identified with a particular play often finds it too successful to leave. The profits of Denman Thomson in *The Old Homestead* have been enormous, and James O'Neill played *Monte Cristo* for a generation without adding a stick or a rag to the original production.

THE PLACE OF VAUDEVILLE

The well-established leading men of to-day range in salaries from three hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars a week. The best leading women get a slightly larger amount when they have to furnish their own clothes. The average good salary for minor parts in New York would seem to be about seventy-five dollars a week. But in character-business even actors of established reputation are dependent on the importance of the part and their salaries vary from year to year. Good old men and old women have to take pot-luck; when they are absolutely needed for the play, their salaries may be even double what they receive in off years when the nature of the part throws it open to a wider competition. No legitimate actor (unless he is wise enough to prefer a secure position and a comfortable living to a more spectacular career) goes into vaudeville except in bad seasons for the purpose of making money. Vaudeville, as one actor wittily puts it, is the pawn-shop of the profession. There for a one-act sketch, the lead receives from five hundred to a thousand dollars or more a week, depending upon his popularity and draught; but out of this he must pay his company and his transportation. Head liners of the regular variety stage, like Harry Lauder, receive enormous sums—especially if some theatrical convulsion has thrown to the surface a rival syndicate—and legitimate stars sometimes fare as well when they flirt with the variety stage between plays. And a novelty in vaudeville—a dancing horse or a diving lady—may, like Master Betty the child-wonder, receive a figure which sets the legitimate to hinting gloomily at "art and all that rot." For some reason not apparent, musical shows have, since their ever-to-be-regretted beginning, paid much higher salaries than the regular play. This is rarely a matter of voice, so it is all the harder to understand, though in the case of the comedian who makes or breaks the show it is easier to fathom. Of late years, too, the chorus girl has been steadily increasing her salary, and when she condescends to go upon the road she becomes quite imperious. The show-girl is a cut above the chorus, from whom she is principally distinguished by the repose of her manner and the length of her skirts. Her salary is never less than twenty-five dollars a week—where the for-the-moment inferior chorus lady receives an official salary of but fifteen—and a favourite show girl may get as high as one hundred dollars, since the attention she draws to the house is worth it to the manager.

NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE

There is a great difference between the salary of a New York actor and one who never appears there. For the latter the high average sum is forty dollars a week instead of seventy-five. The salary list of the cheap melodrama companies playing in second and third class houses rarely tickets off to the leading man much over fifty dollars a week. Nor are road actors at all in-

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ferior to metropolitan. An ideal cast for any Broadway production could be entirely composed of actors whose nearest approach to New York is the summer pacing of the rialto in search of next season's part. Every now and then such an actor makes a New York hit and the town—as early as 1800 very arrogant in theatrical matters—complacently wonders where he has come from and why he hasn't been heard of before. And even beyond this outer fringe of road actors, there are two others—the stock-actor in those small cities where the system keeps up an intermittent existence, who at the break-up of one stock goes to another without coming to New York at all; and the actor in the little repertoire company who plays week after week twice a day in the "ten, twenty, thirty" circuit in the very smallest of towns. In these repertoire companies the highest salary may not be over thirty-five dollars a week and the smallest is five dollars and "cakes," or board and lodging. These people have comparatively a comfortable life and there husbands and wives may rear them families in an orderly way, living at boarding houses for four and five dollars a week and playing almost the entire year.

THE FLUCTUATING MARKET

There are many peculiar conditions affecting stage salaries. Actors early learned that it is as profitable to act off the stage as on. No actor can get a good figure who can't act—in a manager's office. There are many notoriously wooden actors in receipt of high salaries because they have the incommunicable gift of putting on a front. It is a business asset of the actor to be "high-salaried," and he naturally squares up to the commercial condition in which he finds himself; and though a manager knows that every actor bluffs about his salary, the man who spends freely creates an impression in the end. A good deal of the actor's improvidence is thus dictated by the state of affairs in his business. He must also be alert to respond to the market, and the salary he holds out for in August steadily wanes with his waning chances of a part as the short season advances; yet he is at the disadvantage of being in a profession where everything leaks out and he must always remember that if his salary is once forced down he may never get it up again. There are two or three leading men who are known as always standing out for their figure, but they are known also as being idle half the time. Furthermore, forcing up his salary is a matter of diplomacy; it rarely attends to itself. For the sake of a good company or a good part he must make monetary sacrifices one season, hoping for a more adequate return the next. Even more than any other business in which women engage, the actress who depends on her earnings is in unfair competition with women who will work for pin-money and chocolates. Stage-struck girls will go on for nothing or even pay for parts which they dress magnificently, while the self-respecting woman wage-earner is particularly at the mercy of those who seek the stage for self-exploitation and a means to an end. Yet in spite of this the stage is as yet the only place where, when sex enters at all, a woman may earn as much as a man for the same amount of work. Then, too, like all purveyors of luxuries, the actor feels the slightest breath of hard times. And flexible at all seasons, his salary contracts with the heat. A summer salary—when he is fortunate enough to get one—is considerably less than his winter figure. There are besides several singular conditions on the stage to be found nowhere else. For the actor in many cases nothing fails like success. Unless he can immediately follow up his hit with another, he might better never have made one—for to take any smaller part is going backward, and he is forced to hold out for an equal opportunity. Or if he makes a hit in a peculiar kind of part, managers are so unimaginative that he may remain idle until just such a part comes along again. Always every year several excellent actors find themselves in this senseless plight. Again, as English salaries are rather less than half what they are here and the English stage is overcrowded, the English actor is constantly gaining a foothold on the American stage and each one—in the early days of his transplanting, at least—greatly forces

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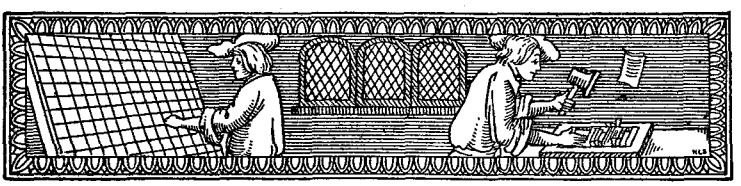
down American salaries. Then, too, the slipperiness of managers and the worthlessness of their contracts is probably greater than in any other business, artistic or otherwise. Some of this is due to the unstable material they work with—the undependable quality of both actor and public favour—but for some reason the better class business man rarely engages in theatrical management. The important actor can enforce fair treatment, the average actor cannot. In general it may be said that although recent years show some improvement, the business of acting in America has not yet—even though its volume is enormous—been put on a sound and reputable basis. And lastly, there is no profession in which—largely speaking—industry, reliability, and merit count so little. An actor cannot get a good part until he has made a hit, and no one can make a hit in a bad part. Only a lucky chance or a pull can break the combination. That lucky chances are always happening does not make it any the more certain that the fortunate lightning will strike a given individual.

WHEN THE GHOST WALKS

Thus, on the whole, the earnings of actors are about the same as in Shakespeare's time. The great actors grow rich, if they are thrifty and make prudent investments; the average actor is greatly underpaid, by the very terms of his business can save little, and is afraid to look old age in the face. In his case it may be doubted, indeed, if there has been much improvement in salary even on the American scale. Forty dollars a week for twenty weeks is not so much, all in all, as ten dollars in the old days, when living was cheaper, engagements were eleven months out of the twelve, and the actor had no social exactions. Mansfield, it is said, refused to engage even a utility man whose tie was not in the recent style. Not only did the actor's salary go further, but it was more secure; even if the ghost did not walk regularly, there was on the whole as much regularity as now, and as he lived just around the corner, his landlady, good sympathetic soul, would wait until next week for her money. It is no uncommon thing these days for an actress to spend several weeks' salary on gowns for a play which barely lives out the traditional two weeks which her worthless contract demands. And at all times the illness or whim of a star may cost a season's work. The most fortunate this side of stardom—with luck and shrewdness to help them out—make little in comparison with persons of like prominence in any other profession. The most successful of leading men makes perhaps ten thousand the average year of his brief heyday. Contrast this with the plums of law, medicine, and authorship. For the average actor, acting is still an insecure, slipshod, and underpaid profession. But then, of course, nobody expects to be an average actor when he goes upon the stage.

Algernon Tassin.



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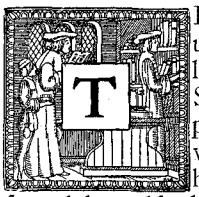
"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—The Story of a Day

CHAPTER VII



HE little Widow, whose unprotected and homeless condition so moved Sir Reginald that he had put aside the claims of wife and child to conduct her to safe harbour, now found herself alone in her new quarters at the Hyde Park Hotel.

No sooner had the door closed upon the soft-hearted gentleman than the pathetic expression of her countenance gave place to an air of alert interest and satisfaction. She sprang to her feet and began a close inspection of her surroundings. It was a small, irregular room, overlooking the park, and the sight of the swaying tree-tops between the pink brocade curtains appealed to her artistic sense.

"What a sweet contrast!" she murmured, and thought hopefully of the day when she could combine such colour schemes in her attractive person. She loved pink.

Then she examined the furniture, upholstered in the same brocade, rubbed her little shoe luxuriously over the thick pile of the rosy carpet and surveyed one after the other the two pictures on the walls, photogravures of those deservedly popular works of art, "Wash Day" and "In Disgrace."

Mrs. Lancelot had neither child nor dog, but she was devoted to both, in theory. She stood gazing at the chubby little girl and her pet with a misty eye, rehearsing the moment when she should draw the attention of some visitor of hers, preferably male, to them, with words which should betray her tender heart.

"Aren't they too, too sweet? It quite cheers me up in my loneliness to look at the dear baby face. . . . " Or, if the caller should be a pronounced dog lover, the phrase could be varied:

"Isn't it dear, with its stump of a tail—sometimes I feel as if it almost wagged at me. Me! I haven't even a dog to love me! You see, in my homeless existence—in an hotel——"

Mrs. Lancelot—she liked her friends to call her Emerald—was fond of mental pictures in which she was herself the central figure. She had a manner of seeing her personality as it were dissociated from herself, and could become pathetic over her own pathos, or subjugated by her own charms, without any awkward sensation of egotism.

From the emotional moments over the photogravures she passed to visions of intimate little parties of two, or at the most four, within these pleasant walls. Sir Reginald would, of course, often be with her, but she would have other guests at times; she could receive any one here; it was such a comfort to be in a good hotel! And with some plants and flowers—that was another delicate feminine trait about herself that she liked to contemplate; she *could not* live without flowers—she thought her little sitting-room would look quite homelike. "Quite like me!"

Upon this agreeable thought she rang her bell; and in silvery tones gave orders that a couple of lilies in pots, and a large bunch of roses should immediately be ordered for her from the nearest florist.

"And you can tell the porter to pay the bill and have it entered, please," she added airily. Sir Reginald had insisted that she was to be his guest in the hotel for the present. He would be the first to wish her to gratify so simple a wish as that for a few flowers.

Humming a little tune, she next proceeded into the adjoining bedroom, where she summoned the housemaid,

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whom she forthwith interviewed on the subject of personal attendance with a smile which she felt must incline that person toward her even more than the promise of a good tip.

"I'll make it worth your while," said the widow, with the most ingratiating familiarity. "You look so kind and clever, I'm sure you would be better than any lady's maid I could get. And I'm rather lonely. You see I'm in mourning still. It would be such a comfort to me if you would look after me a little. Oh, you don't mind, do *you?*"

Of course the housemaid didn't mind. She would be only too pleased, she was sure, to do what she could. She would do her best, she was sure.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Emerald responded in a dulcet recitative. "That is delightful of you. What is your name? Muriel—what a pretty name! Muriel—yes—you look like a Muriel somehow. There are my things, would you mind? Yes, I think they had better be all unpacked. There are some hanging places here, aren't there?"

She returned to her sitting-room. It was nearly five o'clock, and she thought agreeably of tea on the terrace. She might meet an acquaintance. London was a wonderful place for that. Or she might remain quite alone, a solitary figure at her little table, gazing out across the park with far-away eyes. In her mourning garb the fair young widow could scarcely fail to attract attention.

For this rôle a little pallor would not be unbecoming. Her handbag was on the dressing-room table, and the wherewithal inside. There was a convenient mirror over the chimney-piece, and Emerald had as practised a taste in subtle shades of complexion as she had in shades of feeling.

It was, therefore, an ivory-cheeked, appealing apparition that glided, all in her floating trappings of woe, through the crowded groups of tea-goers on the terrace overlooking the park and settled, with a flutter like some alighting bird, at the solitary table indicated by a subservient waiter.

She flung a long, sad look about her, and then was about to allow the yearning eyes to wander to unseen horizons when she heard her name pronounced in a masculine voice.

"Hulloa, Mrs. Lancelot! Oh, I say, it is Mrs. Lancelot, isn't it? I wonder if you remember me?"

A tall, blond youth stood before her. He had detached himself from a tea-party in her rear, and, blushing at his own temerity, had brought himself awkwardly up to her chair.

She recognised him hardly with elation; a subaltern in a marching regiment whom she had met two or three times in India. Nevertheless he was of the right sex, and it was part of Emerald's code to be sweet to all that came her way. Moreover, there are times when the aptitude of the proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," is peculiarly brought home to one.

Mr. Brodrick-Smith was scarcely even half a loaf, but he was a crumb of comfort in an empty land. So the pathetic widow, who had created quite a stir of excitement among the idle tea-drinkers, smiled on the enthralled young man with more than her usual grace.

"Oh, Mr. Brodrick-Smith, is it possible? How, too, too singular that we should come across each other like this! Remember you—but, of course, I remember you! Oh, do sit down and have a cup of tea with me! Do you know, I was feeling so lonely, so abandoned—I came to have a breath of air here on the terrace, and I was just thinking I could not stand it all by myself. But if you will sit here it will make all the difference. Will you?"

Would he? He belonged to a party of aunts and cousins, but their multiplied attractions could not compete against such a being as Mrs. Lancelot. He swelled with pride at her affability and his enviable position. He hurriedly begged his irate relatives to excuse him; promised to meet them at the Franco-British Exhibition later on; and, without pausing to fix either place or hour of rendezvous, returned headlong to the widow's table.

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That date was memorable in the annals of the Brodrick-Smith family as marking "the day when Harold behaved so badly." But Harold never regretted it; he attained a height of romantic bliss in those hours spent with Mrs. Lancelot that he looked back upon, all the rest of his life, with regretful emotion. Every one has his ideals. That afternoon and evening the good youth, with his restricted interests and the conventional society to which his steady middle-class circumstances bound him, tasted of the fruit of forbidden paradise. For Mrs. Lancelot contrived to make him understand that it would be intolerable cruelty to leave her to her own resources for the evening. At the same time, when she accepted his invitation to dinner at the Carlton, and to go on to the *Merry Widow*—which was, he assured her, a ripping piece—she made him feel that it was an enormous condescension on her part to accept. Afterwards he never could think of that moment without a blush of mixed anguish and delight. How he had dared the audacious suggestion? How hideously and brutally the name of the play had fallen against her instant silence! No sooner had the words escaped his lips than every fold of her mourning seemed to wave at him. Her great eyes had fixed themselves upon him, had gathered a sadness that was like a wail, had misted and drooped. But then, how sweet she had been! She would have none of his blundering apologies; she even laid three delicate finger-tips upon his great red hand, to enforce the assurance that she didn't mind, she quite understood; no, indeed, how could she think anything of him but what was kind and sympathetic. Certainly—this with an argentine ripple of laughter—he was *not* a beast. Far from it! She was sure she would enjoy the *Merry Widow* enormously. She would be very glad to see any widow that could be merry.

Here a sigh tripped up the fairy mirth: could anything be more infinitely pathetic, thought Harold Brodrick-Smith. She was an angel, by George she was! He had hard work to keep the tears out of his own silly eyes.

The terrace was nearly deserted when Mrs. Lancelot gathered her trailing draperies together and dismissed her new adorer until the glorious moment when he should fetch her in a taxi.

Emerald found a telegram awaiting her in her sitting-room. As she read it, the dulcet plaintiveness of her smile, which still lingered from the parting *au revoir*, gave place to a look of acute concentration. She stood lost in deep reflection. Then jocundity spread itself on her countenance; a very different kind of mirth from that delicate emotion that went hand in hand with tears of a few minutes ago. She laughed aloud, sharply and triumphantly, and with a military decision, wrote and despatched her reply to Lady Gertrude.

When this was accomplished, she stood again, a prey to intense thought. Sir Reginald meant business, there could be no doubt of that. She did not define the business more particularly in her mind; neither did she care to pursue its possible ultimate results upon her own life. She merely told herself that she would be a fool to refuse to grasp so powerful a hand when it was held out to help her along the rough ways of life. The hurried beating of the hour by the little feverish French clock on the mantelpiece startled her:

"What bewitched me to engage myself to that calf for to-night!" she thought. And she weighed for a moment the advisability of breaking the contract by another telegram, the words of which sprang instantly in her mind: "After all, I cannot face the play to-night. You will understand." But on second reflection she tossed the doubt from her. Sir Reginald was most unlikely ever to hear of it. And she liked the prospect of the restaurant dinner, of the lights, the crowd, the champagne, and the music and the adoration of her cavalier—even if he was a calf.

So she went gaily into her bedroom and summoned the willing Muriel. There was a dress, all jet and spangle, that was mourning enough and yet sparkling enough to fit the peculiar situa-

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tion. She resisted Muriel's admiring suggestion of "Just one of them lovely roses in front, mam." But when her attendant was dismissed, the widow, consulting her countenance critically in the glass, deemed that complete pallor was no longer the note required. A touch of shell-like pink on each cheek would poetically indicate a possible return of hope to a bruised heart.

She wore a jet coronet on her golden head; long chains of the same swayed and jingled as she moved, and gave out shafts of black fire.

When she came in upon him, Mr. Brodrick-Smith, who had been anxiously waiting in the pink brocade nest, feeling his head swim with the scent of the lillies and the intoxicating prospect of the evening, thought that he had never conceived so radiant a vision.

Yet when his first suffocating sense of embarrassment and rapture had subsided, he was conscious of a subtle change in the lady's manner. She was as sweet as ever, but more aloof. The condescension was ever more marked, and the appeal for sympathy and pity ever fainter. He had had wild hopes of future meetings; they were suavely but irrevocably dashed. She was quite unable to make any plans. To-morrow she was due to some very dear friends at Windsor — to Sir Reginald and Lady Gertrude Esdale. Of course Mr. Brodrick-Smith knew the General? Well, he must have seen him, at least known of him.

The poor, disconsolate young man babbled inarticulately. If those were her friends he had about as much chance as . . . Oh, yes, he had seen Sir Reginald, known of him, in much the same way as he had seen and known of his sovereign. He scarcely recovered the power of speech in his first bumper of champagne.

For Mrs. Lancelot, however, the evening was tolerably satisfying. She met no other acquaintances (which was just as well, she thought), but she was conscious of attracting a great deal of attention; conscious also of the pride which swelled the bosom of the youth beside her as he marked the long looks and the many opera glasses levelled upon her stall. She enjoyed that. She enjoyed, too, the facility with which, by a smile and a word, she could raise her cavalier to an intoxicating altitude, and the equal facility with which she could topple him off again.

The toppling-off process she deemed it wise to employ unremittingly during the homeward drive; and her farewell at the door of the lift was a masterpiece of sweet finality:

"Good-bye! Thank you so much for your kindness—your very, very great kindness! I should have had a lonely evening but for you. Please don't think I shall ever forget it. . . . Even if we never meet again."

His jaw dropped.

"Never meet again! Oh, I say!"

She smiled entrancingly, but with immeasurable condescension.

"Life," she said, "takes us in different directions. Good-night—good-bye! It's been very, very charming."

The sleepy porter yawned. At the last, as the lift moved upward with its adorable burden, he caught a final sight of her; she was yawning, too! His heart was intolerably heavy as he stepped out of the hotel.

After Emerald had yawned she smiled again. The life of the poor subaltern had merely touched hers in passing, as the ripple of a stream laps against the water lily and is gone. She would never see him again, for she decided never to see him again. And in such trifles of social intercourse she was an adept at carrying out her own purpose. But the experience had increased her self-confidence; so that, beside amusement, the evening had yielded her moral benefit. If she had had a doubt, it was now finally removed. She would pursue the chancy way that led to heights still veiled in discreet mists; the low safe path of middle-class respectability would not be trod by her!

She was little inclined to sleep, the dance of lights and music still whirling in her brain; she would sit an hour or so in the company of her thoughts before seeking her bed.

She slid out of her spangled dress and

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into her white silk *negligé*. It was a very becoming garment; voluminous, yet with a kind of placid simplicity in its folds. One who possessed remarkably good taste had once (most accidentally) beheld her in it, and he had not been able to restrain his admiration; it pleased her to picture now how his eye would kindle could he but see his *petite madame* with her golden hair loose upon her shoulders (no need that he should ever suspect the existence of those silken curls which she had just popped into a sachet); his little madame watching in the night, while all the world slept! One dainty mauve slipper half falling off a delicate foot still in its black silk stocking, the bare arms emerging from the Greek draperies. . . . !

After posing awhile, with much poetic dreaminess in her gaze, the widow roused herself to fetch the telegram from the next room and peruse its contents again.

"Gertrude Esdale," she murmured, tasting the sound. Then, swiftly, the thought flashed: "Emerald Esdale!" How charming and original such a combination would be, and how fascinating to have two E's intertwined for initials!

She gave a tinkling laugh to herself; what absurd ideas one had at times!

Lady Gertrude had been a Fitz-Esmond, daughter of the Earl of Enniscorthy, and the present holder of the title was still unmarried, as Emerald knew, having been at pains to study Burke on the subject upon first making the General's acquaintance. She would be very likely to meet this interesting young man during her stay at Orange Court. "Emerald Enniscorthy!" Two E's again, and with a coronet above! There was no absurdity in that vision at any rate. . . .

The widow flung a look at herself in the long mirror which the proprietors of the hotel had thoughtfully provided, and with equal thoughtfulness had flanked by a well-shaded arrangement of lights. What a fool she had made of that boy this evening! If she had allowed it, he would have laid himself, his subaltern pay, and a third-rate regimental career at her feet in the taxi, coming home—that wretched, bumping taxi! Scornfully her nostrils dilated. Neither hired vehicle nor one-horse dog-carts were to be her conveyances in the future. She would drive in her own Mercedes!

Her thoughts here flew off at a tangent to very different quarters. If she chose . . . she could have her own Mercedes as soon as banns could be called or license bought. Aye — that, and diamonds, and all solid comfort and luxury, and all the good things of this world that money can purchase!

Yet, as this solacing reflection passed through her head, the widow's pretty face grew ever more disdainful:

"Poor John!" she said aloud. "John and — Paisley — and Glasgow society — and MacCracken's biscuit all along the line! Why, the MacCracken poster was the last thing to grin at me from Bombay and the first to grin again at Southampton!"

Then she dived into the recesses of her travelling bag, produced a case bulging with photographs and letters; and, for the mere luxury of it, fell to making comparisons — comparisons of the past with the present, of the might have been with the might be.

Two or three photographs, bound with an india rubber ring, together with a couple of letters, she selected from the rest. She spread the photographs out on her dressing-table, and, propping her chin on her hand, fell to contemplation. Here were an early portrait of herself, a family group, and the head of a young man. Characteristically, she took up her own picture first. No disfiguring arrangement of ringlets, no odious suburban fashion of garments could disguise the delicate prettiness of the face that already looked out upon the world with appeal in the eyes and a self-conscious smile on the lips.

Emerald recognised the prettiness in her frank, picturesque way: "I was a darling little creature! But, Lord, what a garment to give me! And those curls!"

Yes, she remembered the fashioning of those curls, and how proud she had been of them—at Surbiton. But she was afraid she could not keep that picture. No, she could not risk its ever falling under other eyes, in spite of its attraction. The curls were too stamping. With a sigh she tore the cardboard across and

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across and flung the fragments into the grate.

She had no hesitation in sending the next picture the same way. That dreadful porch of "Elmhurst," the semi-detached villa; her poor, dear mother with that appalling cap—a dome of white muslin with mauve ribbons—and the *gros grain* black silk (her best) that had a worm-like decoration of narrow white lace upon it! And Uncle John! The photograph had been taken to commemorate his visit to "Elmhurst"—Uncle John with his tall hat and white spats, mutton-chop whiskers, and protuberant waistcoat! Prosperous trade was blazoned all over him. Here was she, too, again—curls and all! And Cousin John — awkward, shambling hobbledehoy with frontal wave of hair, well macassared! She shuddered, and, in all haste, tore the tell-tale presentment.

Over the last she paused; it was Cousin John again. The frontal wave was less aggressive, the rough-hewn, uncomely visage of the boy had taken a certain virile determination. Shrewdness looked out under the bushy Scot's eyebrows, and the curve of jaw and the line of thin lips told of one who had already begun to impose his will on the world. Emerald feared the collar was all wrong; wrong the tie, and wrong what could be seen of a frock-coat. Already her little fingers had fixed themselves upon the cardboard, to destroy, but she refrained. One never knew. John might come in useful yet.

Then, because it was her way to throw a gossamer veil of sentiment over all her actions, she allowed a dreamy pity to creep over her countenance. . . . Here was a faithful heart that had loved her since she was a child! Poor John, how he had loved her! He was faithful to her still, in spite of the barrier marriage had placed between them. She knew very well that, with her widowhood, his hopes had risen again, for was not here, under her hand, his last letter to India, revealing the fact? One of those droll, abrupt letters of his which meant so much and said so little! No, for the memory of such loyalty John should not be torn in two!

She was melting with compassion for him, that he should be doomed to do without her, as she slipped his photograph and his last letter back under the india-rubber ring. One thing was certain; should she ever be fated to wear a coronet over those two entwined E's, John was safe to make her a magnificent present. If Fate held another contingency—but that was a contingency which Emerald was determined not to contemplate yet, one never could tell what would happen; it was just possible Sir Reginald might become a widower (such things had been), and honest John MacCracken, of Paisley, might express his opinions in less agreeable fashion. Moved by a sudden impulse, she stretched out her little hand, drew from the case yet another portrait, a cabinet photograph this time, bearing the presentment of a handsome, aristocratic head. Sir Reginald and John MacCracken! John and respectable middle-class affluence; Sir Reginald and — No, there could be no hesitation. Sir Reginald's photograph was propped in a prominent position on the mantelpiece. "The dear fellow," said the widow sentimentally, "how nicely his hair grows on his temples!"

John was consigned back to the inner pocket of the morocco case. And the widow went to bed. Her mind was full of agreeable plans for the morrow. A visit to Madame Agathe, whose confections she had so much admired on Mrs. Jamieson. A visit to Holroyd and Rossiter, those jewellers in whose collection she was to choose for herself some token of Sir Reginald's grateful regard—at his own request, a request so urgently proffered that she really could not, in kindness, have refused. Thereafter the start for Orange Court. It was all new, exciting, delightful. . . . In this mood she fell asleep.

BOOK II

A Week's Chronicle

CHAPTER I

Coralie ordered her husband to take her out that night to dine—Savoy; to the play—*Merry Widow;* possibly.

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if the spirit moved her, to sup—the Carlton. She guessed, with one of her taunting assumptions of Americanism, that she had had about enough of Grandma Enniscorthy and Momma Jamieson for one day. Captain Jamieson looked dubious; Coralie had enjoyed about an hour of her august relative's company in all; if this was too much for her, how was the fortnight's visit to be gone through? Moreover, he thought it hardly kind to leave his mother on the first night. But Coralie had an answer to each objection. If Ernest desired her to be able to stand "it" at all, he must allow her to become accustomed to "it" gradually. If she were to get too big a dose of "it" all at once, she really could not answer for the consequence. (Coralie said her "reelly" in a very engaging way, and blinked her eyelashes. She looked angelic, yet determined.)

"As for that mother of yours," she went on, "she would not be a bit aggrieved if you were going off to dine at the club, or had any other kind of bachelor engagement. She'd respect your masculine independence. She'd say: 'Yes, do go, dear boy,' and be tickled to death to think you were leaving me at home—'Tickled to death' is rather a good phrase for the family, don't you think?—I'm practising to bring it out naturally.—No, Ernest, you needn't shake your head and laugh. It's perfectly true. Your mother will only think you wanting in filial kindness if you take out your own wife. Well, now, you bet? Suppose you try her?"

But Ernest declined the experiment. The accuracy of his wife's insight struck home. He knew he would lose that wager. He was very fond of his mother, and only vaguely disturbed at her attitude toward his wife, which he supposed was "the usual kind of thing." But he was startled sometimes to hear her motives dissected by Coralie's unsparing scalpel.

"Well, you'll have to hurry, then, if we are to be in time for the play," he said, stumping off to his dressing-room.

Coralie gave a little chuckle as she turned to her mirror. She never had undue trouble in getting her own way.

Ernest, in a fit of moral cowardice, which your big, burly men, who would face with a grin a horde of savages, often enough display in their relations with their womenkind, sent his mother an affectionate scrawl to announce his desertion. He did not, therefore, meet her again till next morning, at a *tête-à-tête* breakfast; but then, through unforeseen circumstances, he escaped the scene of plaintive maternal reproach he had been anticipating with acute discomfort.

It seemed that on the previous evening, Lady Enniscorthy had felt very unwell, chilly and fatigued, shortly before dinner, and that Lady Florence, alarmed, had sent for Sir James Broadwood. Lady Enniscorthy had consented to see the physician when his presence in the house had been duly broken to her—a fact which any one who knew the sturdy old lady's contempt for medicine and objection to doctors could not but realise as ominous.

She had, further, answered his questions and accepted his advice with unprecedented meekness; had gone to bed on his suggestion; had taken the dinner he prescribed, nothing more disturbing to the digestion than a fillet of sole, toast, and a little dry champagne.

In private consultation Lady Florence had found the great doctor guarded though hopeful. He ascribed the indisposition to the unwonted exertions of the afternoon. He understood there had been some anxiety of mind and the extraordinary event of a motor drive. He hardly anticipated serious results, but at Lady Enniscorthy's age one never could tell. . . . Lady Florence, trembling at her own audacity, had implored him to look in again in the morning.

All these items of information were poured into Ernest's ear. It was further impressed upon him what a night of agony his mother had passed, and how, although "dear grandmamma" had slept—Lady Florence's tone was as lugubrious as if she were announcing a demise—she had awakened sneezing violently.

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"I have sent for Sir James to come as early as possible. I feel very anxious, Ernest, very anxious indeed. At dear mamma's age — as he says — one never can tell—a sneeze may be the beginning of anything."

So anxious did she really look, that the good fellow, her son, was in his turn perturbed, and came up with a long face to impart the news to his Coralie. She, like the lazy little cat she was, was still cosily ensconced in bed; but she presented so charming a picture amid her pillows, with a lace cap, pink-beribboned, perched on her dark curls, that one could scarcely have wished her elsewhere.

"Oh, my!" she cried. "Grandma ill? You don't say? I thought she was made of cast iron——"

"My mother seems to think," said the soldier self-accusingly, "that we oughtn't to have told her about Sir Reginald. She says it was altogether too much for her—the anxiety and the effort of hurrying down to warn Aunt Gertrude."

Good man, he had done very little of that reporting; but the real culprit regarded the situation cheerfully.

"Now, don't you fret about that, honey!" she cried. "Grandma had the time of her life yesterday. Bless her, she never enjoyed anything more!"

Being, however, the most good-natured soul in all the world, she skipped thereupon out of bed; and, donning a dressing-gown that she herself admitted as "cunning," and slipping her bare feet into pink satin mules, shuffled off, without wasting a second to inquire for the sufferer.

Lady Enniscorthy sat, wrapped in shawls, disdaining the support of her pillows, bolt upright in her four-post bed. As Coralie entered, the old lady was blowing that awe-inspiring nose of hers with a trumpet-sound. She eyed the newcomer with the unwinking stare of reprobation peculiarly her own, over the folds of the handkerchief, but uttered no word.

Lady Florence was occupied near the dressing-table, fitting together the parts of a eucalyptus spray. Jane Challoner was seated at the foot of the bed. Her large, black, plumed hat, festooned with a curtain of black lace, was tilted rather more crookedly than usual on her wispy head, and she had, to an intensified degree, the battered air that some length of time in her mother's society invariably induced in her.

She rose with a fluttering movement at the sight of her niece. She was very fond of Coralie.

"Dear me, dear me, so it's you, is it?" she said, and embraced her affectionately. Then she remembered that Lady Enniscorthy did not approve of Mrs. Jamieson. She became confused; and to divert the attention of that awful eye which was now fixed on her, she proceeded to exclaim on the becomingness of her niece's cap. "Dear me, and is that the fashion? I wonder how it would suit me?"

Lady Enniscorthy laid down her handkerchief.

"It's a style that is eminently suited to you, Jane. I should advise you to get one immediately, and pray don't omit the pink rosettes over your ears."

Poor Jane turned her long, silly face, with the protruding eyes and the wisps of sandy hair—a face in the middle of which a replica of Lady Enniscorthy's nose found an incongruous place, in conjunction with a retreating forehead and an equally retreating chin—doubtfully upon the speaker. With all her forty-seven years' experience she never knew when her mother was sarcastic. Perceiving, however, by the old lady's expression, that it was not really considered that the saucy headgear would become her, she heaved a sigh of renunciation, and hugging herself, gave her lean frame a little shake. It was a process which appeared to afford her much relief in all moments of dilemma. There were certain hours, spent in her mother's company, during which Jane Challoner might be said scarcely to cease shaking and hugging herself.

To-day, however, Lady Enniscorthy, whose temper a cold in the head had not improved, although her energies remained unimpaired, had other butts than Jane for her shafts. Lady Florence

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now approached the bed with a spray diffuser in her hand.

"What is that for?" inquired the dowager.

"Dear mamma, Sir James made me use it when I had that severe cold, last winter. It is really a wonderful remedy."

"Is it you that are diffusing that horrible smell? Take it out of the room, Florence. I detest eucalyptus."

"It's such a disinfectant," pleaded Lady Florence.

"Am I so poisonous? Keep away yourself then."

Lady Florence retired, discomfited, into the dressing-room, and Lady Enniscorthy gave the first sign of recognition to her grandson's wife.

"You're only just out of bed, I see. Do you require anything here?"

Coralie hopped up to her, as gaily as a bird.

"Yes, grandma. I came to inquire for you."

"I've got a cold in my head. There's nothing to make a fuss about. I should have been up long ago, had I been allowed to have my room to myself. No, I didn't catch it in that motor. I caught it in Gertrude's drawing-room, where there was draught enough to blow one in two."

"Indeed, I felt that draught," sighed the widow, who had now returned to her mother's pillow.

"It might have been more useful if you had closed the window," remarked her mother. Then she sneezed three times with great triumph and blew her nose with so much sonority, that Jane started and hugged herself in a spasm of deprecation.

But Coralie (as she subsequently told her husband) had a tid-bit of information that she knew "would be nuts to the old lady, and would do her more good than forty inhalers."

With a glint of her periwinkle-blue eye at the sour-sweet countenance of her mother-in-law the little woman settled herself down to enjoyment.

"Did you plumb-down mean it, when you promised that tiara to Aunt G. if she cut out the widow, grandma?" she asked with her candid, childish air.

The old lady surveyed her; a latent twinkle in her otherwise severe glance. If the transatlantic stranger had not been introduced into her own family she would have been distinctly a favourite with the Dowager. Lady Enniscorthy liked a woman to be clever, pretty, well-dressed, and amusing. The young American was all that, and something more, which in her heart of hearts the sturdy old aristocrat acknowledged. She was good.

Perhaps Coralie's quick intuition had detected the inner sympathy under the outer assumption of disapproval, which was maintained toward her almost without relaxation. Certainly she felt an odd kind of attraction toward her redoubtable relative, without any of that fear which her daughters, even when they opposed her, acknowledged. It was this fearlessness that, secretly, most appealed to Lady Enniscorthy. And many a time, while her countenance was apparently set in a mask of utter reprobation, she was chuckling in her heart at the audacious sallies, the transparent assumption of stage Americanisms with which Coralie delighted to startle her in-law relations.

The old lady now answered, after her usual manner, with only that twinkle to betray her thought:

"I am plumb-down (if that means in English, quite) certain that I am not in the habit of saying I will do a thing without intending to do it. So if you think your aunt likely to be successful in 'cutting out the widow,' as you phrase it, there is not much probability of your ever coming in for my diamonds."

If any one so high-bred as Lady Florence might be said to sniff, her haughty nose gave signs of such a manifestation. She had, in mental vision, seen herself the possessor of the heirloom, not to wear—indeed, her widowhood was unrelenting—but to hold, for some wife, of her own choosing, for Ernest's second marriage, if not for his eldest son. Coralie had not yet provided the necessary heir, and remained shamelessly healthy; but Lady Florence had a great belief in Providence. She had never certainly contemplated seeing the crown upon that audacious American head.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Jamieson, hitch-

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ing herself within the sacred precincts of the four-poster with one of her pretty undulating movements, "I'd have been real simple if I'd ever thought I had a mite of a chance of that! It would not suit me, *reelly*, grandma. I haven't the nose for it. But I guess—I guess," she repeated, rolling the words on her tongue, "Aunt G.'s going to qualify for that prize and no mistake."

Jane, who, at mention of the tiara, had lifted her countenance—it had a way of drooping as if weighed down by its nose—looked furtively from one to the other. She had an ineradicable conviction, founded, as her family knew, upon no grounds, that the tiara ought to be hers.

"I'm sure we all try to deserve it, dear mamma," she interpolated. Then, catching Lady Florence's eye, she hugged herself. "I'm sure, dear Flo has tried to deserve it."

The Dowager blew her nose, keeping an eye full of humour on Florence; who, in tones dulcetly contradicting the glance which she flung at the indiscreet Jane, was heard to observe that the pleasure of being of a little use to dear mamma was all the reward she desired in life.

"Well, Aunt G. is going to deserve that tiara. She's asked the siren—Emerald Fanny — Uncle Reginald's plaintive widow—Mrs. Lancelot in fact, to stay down with them at Windsor."

The announcement produced all the sensation which even she could have desired. Lady Enniscorthy reared her fine old head so suddenly that the shawl draping it fell off, exposing the wonderful luxuriance of her iron-grey hair. She stared at the speaker open-mouthed, holding her handkerchief aloft in a petrified attitude. Lady Florence cried, "Coralie!" as if the American herself had been guilty of the proposed enormity, and Lady Jane jumped from her seat, ramblingly demanding what dear Gertrude was going to do with Fanny's emeralds, and who Fanny was, and what was meant by dear Reginald's widow.

"Dear me, dear me, it sounded so horrid!"

"Jane," said her mother, turning on her with that fulminating directness which gave her a resemblance to a hawk striking, "don't be a fool! And for goodness' sake put your hat straight and pin up those streaks of hair behind your ears! — Do you mean to tell me," she went on, addressing herself to Coralie, without any modulation in the indignant bass of her note, "that my daughter, Lady Gertrude Esdale, intends to ask into her house the woman her husband is making love to?"

Jane, now first initiated by these words into the alarming condition of her brother-in-law's morals, yet too much in awe of her mother to give normal vent to her curiosity and horror, abandoned herself to a perfect orgy of hugs, murmuring *sotto-voce* the while: "How dreadful, how dreadful! Dear me, dear me, Reginald in love with another woman! how dreadful!"

"Dear Coralie," said Lady Florence, "I feel sure there must be some mistake; you are at times a little inaccurate."

"It's as true as I'm sitting here, momma — you see, grandma, Aunt G. does not admit that her husband is in love with another woman. Oh, don't you see how clever it is? She won't admit that Uncle Reginald means anything but ordinary kindness to a poor forlorn little creature whose husband was his friend. So she has asked the widow to visit them, and Uncle Reginald has just got to act the Good Samaritan, the courteous host, the virtuous husband and father, and all the rest of it! Oh, don't you see that the more Aunt G. ignores anything equivocal in the situation, the more it puts Uncle Reginald on his honour?"

"My dear child," said Lady Enniscorthy, with an unexpected change in her voice, "it's a very dangerous experiment! —A low, designing woman, and a man of Reginald's peculiarly emotional temperament—thrown into proximity, constant proximity, and by his own wife. . . . Good Samaritan, courteous host!" cried the Dowager, waxing louder. "Fiddlesticks! you don't know human nature, male human nature!" She flung a deadly emphasis on the words. "Under her own roof, with my little innocent granddaughter—it's indecent!"

There were no subtle shades in Lady Enniscorthy's view of life and character. Men and women, their motives and

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deeds, were good and bad, in uncompromising blacks and whites (chiefly blacks, it must be said). The broadness of view, the allowance for circumstance, the toleration, the diplomatic dalliance of the modern spirit, had no place in her creed.

The impressiveness of the end of her discourse was somewhat spoilt by a fresh fit of sneezing; and Lady Florence hastily extended a hand to replace the fallen shawl. As soon as the fit was over her mother reasserted herself by taking off the head-covering and putting it on again at a different angle.

"I am sure, dear mamma," said the pliable and subservient widow, "that if Gertrude once understood how strongly you disapproved. . . . I myself can scarcely believe in such a project. . . . If I were to wire to her to come and see you?"

"No," said her mother, with a final tweak at her long-suffering nose, laying down the handkerchief. "No. Gertrude has made her own bed; she may lie in it. She has not consulted me; I shall interfere no more."

There was a fumbling knock at the door, followed by the sidelong entrance of Consett, Lady Enniscorthy's elderly, acrimonious maid.

"If you please, my lady, Sir James Broadwood is in the boudoir."

Lady Florence quailed. She had meant to prepare the patient diplomatically for the second unauthorised medical visit. But Coralie's news had monopolised the situation; dear Coralie was so tactless!

"Who wants to see the doctor?" inquired Lady Enniscorthy. Her grey crest of hair seemed to bristle, her eyes gleamed with the joy of coming battle.

"Dear mamma, Sir James expressed a wish to see you again in the morning." Strict veracity was not always employed by the devoted daughter in her dealings with her mother.

"He did no such thing, Florence. His very last words were, that he should not come back unless sent for. And you had no business to send for him last night. You had no business to send for him this morning. I will not be treated as if I were in my dotage."

Coralie slipped from the bed and shuffled from the room softly. As she stood, yawning in the passage, and stretching herself—she had had a pretty good dose of "it" this morning—she was joined by Lady Challoner.

"Dear me, dear me," said the dilapidated and incoherent Jane, "mamma's very much put out—I wonder if I had a cap like yours, but with mauve ribbons, whether it wouldn't suit me after all? It's so coquettish," said the poor creature, with a wistful glance. "How dreadful it is about Gertrude! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Reginald such a nice man. Is this some woman he's brought from India? Not—not a native, Coralie?"

"Now, look here, Aunt Jane," said Coralie, kindly but decisively, "there's nothing dreadful at all. Uncle Reginald had a flirtation on board ship—with quite a nice little woman. Every one flirts on board ship. You should see me! And Aunt Gertrude has just got the sense to put a stop to silly gossip by inviting Mrs. Lancelot to stay with her."

But Lady Jane had a rooted conviction in her mother's wisdom.

"Oh, dear me, dear me," she said, as the situation became as clear to her as it was ever likely to be, "that's very dangerous, that's dreadfully dangerous."

She drooped her head, looking like a disconsolate and unusually foolish parrot.

"Well, I must go to my bath," announced Mrs. Jamieson. But Jane arrested her with an odd, shy motion, like that of an out-flung claw:

"Coralie——"

"Oh, Aunt Jane, do be quick!"

"Coralie—no, I can't say it here, let me come into your room with you."

"Oh, bless the idiot!" thought Coralie. But she was too good-natured not to humour one whom life had so little humoured.

"I'm so afraid of mamma hearing," explained Lady Challoner, as she closed the door of the bedroom behind her. Then she hugged herself, leaned forward, and began to whisper:

"Let us consult Chiaro Scuro."

"Chiaro Scuro?"

"My dear, don't you know? He's the great crystal gazer. Oh, they say he's

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the most wonderful man! It just struck me; I'll go and consult him about dear Gertrude."

"About Aunt G.?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, he'll tell us about that Mrs. Lancelot and her emeralds. Who knows, perhaps Reginald gave them to her. Oh, Emerald is her name, do you say?" Lady Challoner paused to savour this information: "Emerald. How nice it sounds! I do wish mamma had not given us such plain names. I think it is dreadful to be called Jane. I should so much have preferred to be Pearl, or Beryl, or Coralie, like you—I once heard of a girl who was christened Diamantina—don't you think that that was pretty?"

"It sounds like a cement," said Coralie. "Do keep to the point, Aunt Jane. How will Mr. Chiaro Scuro help us in the matter of Mrs. Lancelot?"

"He'll see her in the crystal"—Jane excitedly took up the thread of her discourse again—"and he'll warn us if anything dreadful is going to happen. And, dear me, dear me, I feel mamma wouldn't approve, but she was always my favourite sister, and it would be such a comfort to know all the truth—Chiaro Scuro will read the future—everything just as it's going to happen——"

"It sounds thrilling," said Coralie. "And so useful! Well, I won't split on you, Aunt Jane; and now I must have my bath."

"Oh, but I can't go alone," quavered Jane. "They say he's such a handsome young man."

"Do you want *me* to go with you?" asked Coralie. It struck her that the experience might be both amusing to herself and exasperating to the household, when it came to their ears—which it indubitably would, without delay, as Jane never could keep a secret.

"Oh, thank you," cried her aunt fervently. "Then you can come back to lunch with me, dear; and we can do some automatic writing."

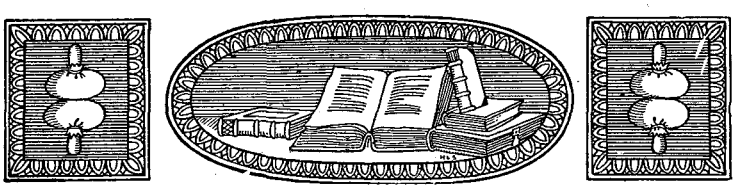
"Since when have you become a spiritualist?" asked Coralie, as she rang for her maid.

"Oh, my dear, hush! If mamma were to hear you! The day before yesterday I went to my first *séance*. And it's been such a comfort to me already! And I've been doing automatic writing with Sophy Carmichael! And oh, my dear, we were told the most wonderful things!"

"*Bain*, Jeannette," said Coralie laconically, as a pert soubrette appeared on the scene, looking for all the world as if she had stepped out of a French comedy. "Well, Aunt J., just you wait there till I come back—Jeannette, *arrange un peu la coiffure de miladi*—I say, we are going to have a real exciting morning, aren't we? Shall we Chiaro-Scuro my Ernest and find out if he's got any little widows up his sleeve? We might put Uncle Challoner into the crystal, too, while we are about it. Oh, what a pity my mother-in-law is a widow; I'm sure Poppa Jamieson must have had consolation in his poor time."

She left Jane muttering: "Challoner in the crystal? Dear me, I think I'd better not!"

(To be continued)



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FASHIONS IN ART

ESS than one hundred years ago, the jury of the Royal Academy in London rejected John Constable's now famous picture, "Flatford Mill." Gloomy over this mark of official disapproval, the painter called upon the president of the Academy, who at the time was our own Benjamin West. Patronisingly that official said to him: "Don't be disheartened, young man, we shall hear of you again." West was then in the full tide of material success, his work being acclaimed by the critics, the general public, even royalty itself. He is all but forgotten now, while Constable's name is a synonyme for greatness in his profession, for his pictures have stood the test of time. Yet it was reserved for Frenchmen properly to appreciate the talent, the artistry and the originality of the great English landscapist while he was alive and, indeed, to found a school on his way of working, for to him it is that the Barbizon Men directly owe their inspiration. Of him, however, John Ruskin once wrote: "He has a preference for subjects of a low order;" and again: "I have never seen any work of his in which there are signs of his being able to draw, and hence the most necessary details are painted by him insufficiently."

Fifty years later a Frenchman, Gustave Courbet, painted a large canvas called "Funeral at Ornans." It now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, one of the cherished possessions of that museum. When it was painted, it was, by a large majority, considered in the nature of a jest. A leading critic of the day—Haussard—said it was "a masquerade funeral, with more to laugh at than weep over," and Paul Mantz, another writer, declared that "the most extravagant fancy could not descend to such repulsive hideousness." A nude by Courbet, "Woman and Parrot," was ordered out of the Paris salon by the Empress Eugenie, as being too naked and suggestive, and a collector who had offered to buy it eventually wriggled out of his purchase. The work seems very possible to-day, is of a certainty most valuable, and the art world is only too willing to accept it as masterly in its way. Whistler's beautiful picture known as "The White Girl," was declined by the French jury at the Salon of 1863. The artist thereupon sent it to the *Salon des Refusés,* where it set the art world of Paris agog with excitement and made a sensation after all.

But then, that year in Paris, Whistler had the best of company, for among his brother painters who had the honour of rejection at the Salon were Fantin, Legros, Manet, Jongkind, Harpignies, Cazin, Vollon, and—tell it not in Gath, no less a subsequent favourite Academician than Jean Paul Laurens, and that this last was among the outs seems positively unbelievable. Indeed, the action took on the nature of a scandal and it was the Emperor himself who ordered a *Salon des Refusés.* Harpignies, now painting away at the respectable age of ninety, is perhaps the best seller of all the contemporaneous living men, disposing of everything he does at enormous prices. Cazin, too, is not what would be called a drug in the market when little thumb box sketches, done in less than an hour, impressions of the twilight, the evening, or of some beautiful sky effect, fetch at auction from one to three thousand dollars! Jongkind, too, is greatly sought after, while Manet and Fantin bring enormous figures whenever they are offered on the market.

Of "The White Girl," by Whistler, that brilliant and far-seeing critic, Hamerton—Oh, the lovely irony of Whistler referring to him as "a Mr. Hamerton" later on when it cut to the quick, had this to say: "The hangers must have thought her particularly ugly, for they have given her a sort of place of honour, before an opening through which all pass so that nobody misses her. I watched several parties, to see the impression The Woman in White made on them. They all stopped instantly, struck with amazement. This for one or two sec-

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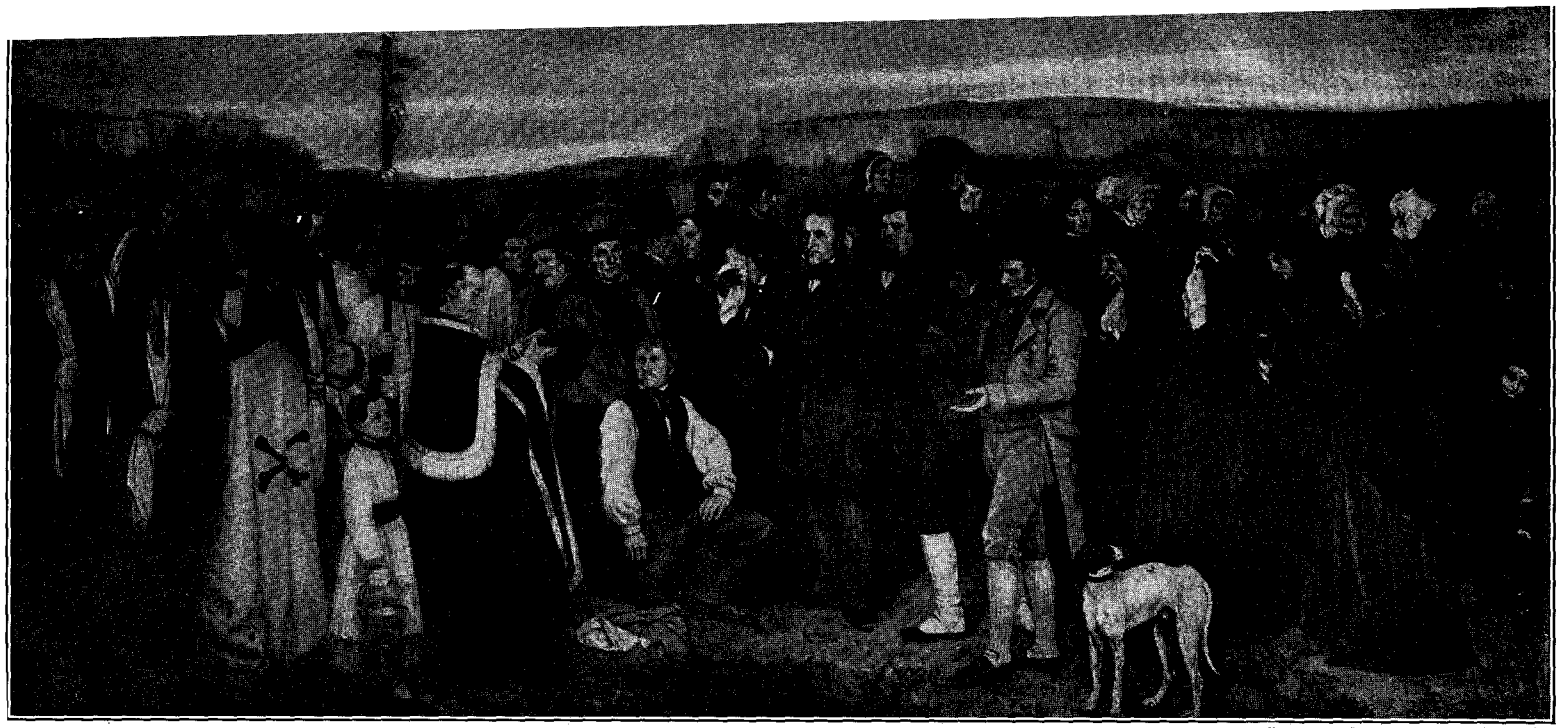

Courtesy Durand-Ruel Galleries

"A FUNERAL AT ORNANS," BY GUSTAVE COURBET. NOW IN THE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Haussard, the critic, said of this at the time it was painted: "It is a masquerade funeral, with more to laugh at than to weep over." Paul Mantz declared that "the most extravagant fancy could not descend to such repulsive hideousness," This painting is now one of the most cherished possessions of the Louvre.

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BENJAMIN WEST'S "DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE"
By courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

onds, then they always looked at each other and laughed. Here, for once, I have the happiness to be quite of the popular way of thinking." The great portrait of Whistler's mother was sent to the Royal Academy of 1872 under the

"SALEM HARBOR." BY MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST

"One of the group known as 'The Eight,' who translates the groups of nurses and children, playing in the park, or on the beaches, into a curiously decorative mosaic of pink, blue, and green spots, which give in their colour and texture something of the joyousness suited to the occasion."—*Samuel Isham, History of American Painting.*

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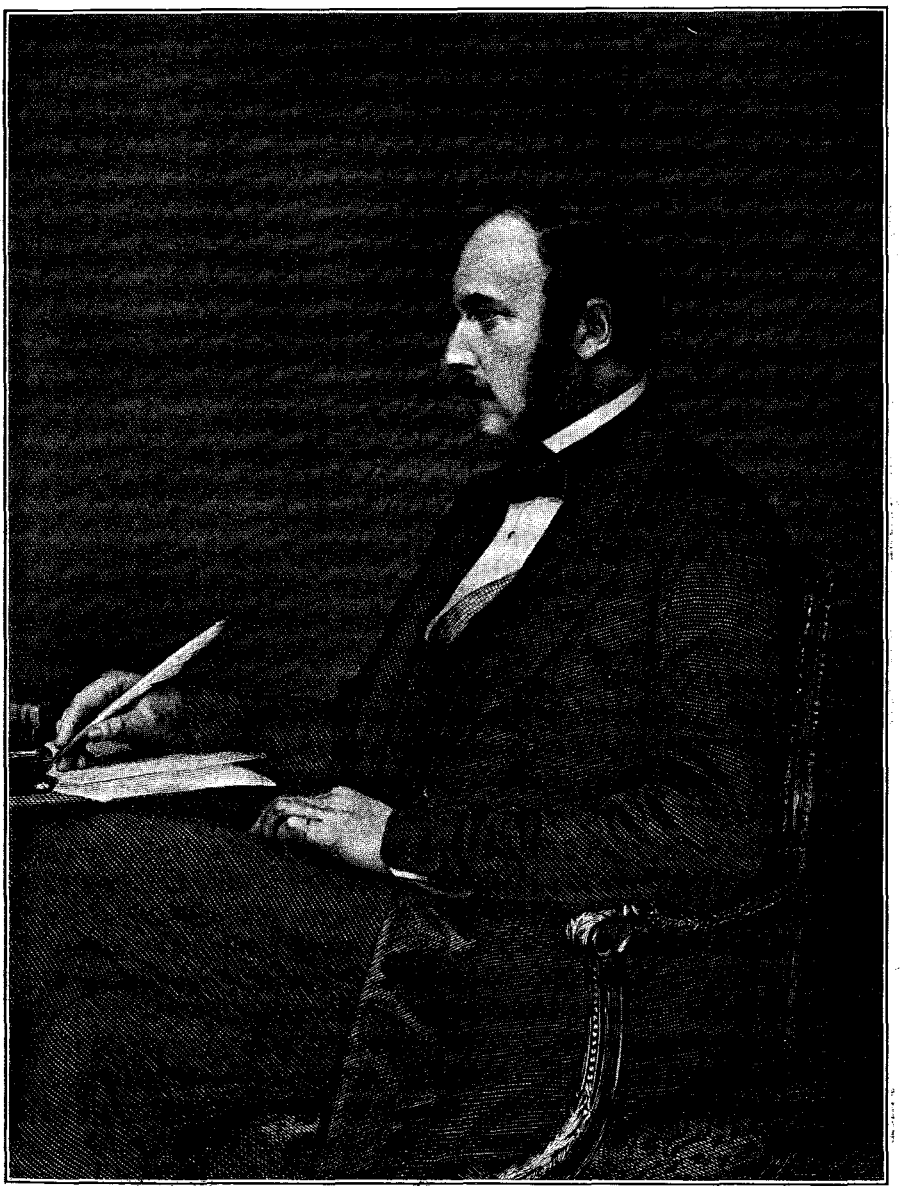
title of "Arrangement in Grey and Black; Portrait of the Painter's Mother," and it was refused at first. There was great indignation both inside and outside of the Academy. Sir William Boxall threatened to resign from the Council if the portrait was not hung, for he would not have it said that a committee to which he belonged had rejected it. So the canvas was finally hung, but not well, though



"ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE CONSORT." BY FRANCOIS XAVIER WINTERHALTER

By courtesy of the Bonaventure Galleries, New York

Edmond About said of the artist: "He has taken—I know not whence—some tones of washed flesh, rewashed and soaked in water. His picture is almost like a painting on porcelain; but it has not even the compensation of the freshness and the smile of enamel." Although to-day deservedly forgotten, Winterhalter was a favourite painter of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie.

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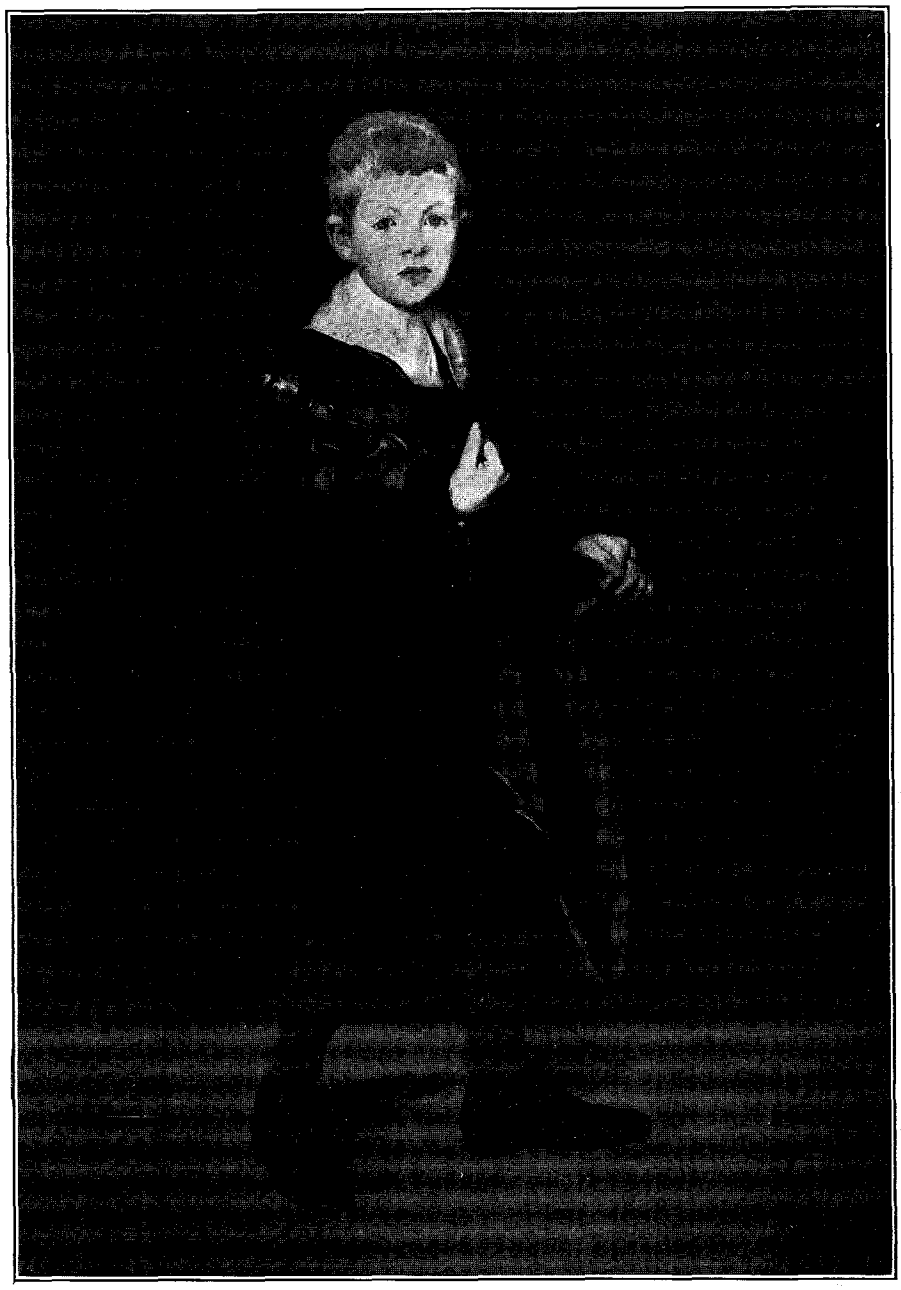
by no means out of sight, and it is said groups gathered before it to laugh. It was, however, the last time such an opportunity was offered at Burlington House, for Whistler never sent there again, and never failed to lose any oppor-



"BOY WITH SWORD." BY EDOUARD MANET
Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Richard Muther, in his *History of Art*, says: "His pictures were held to be a practical joke which the painter was playing on the public; the most unheard-of farce that had ever been painted. If any one had declared that these works would give the impulse to a revolution in art people would have turned their backs on him or thought he was jesting."

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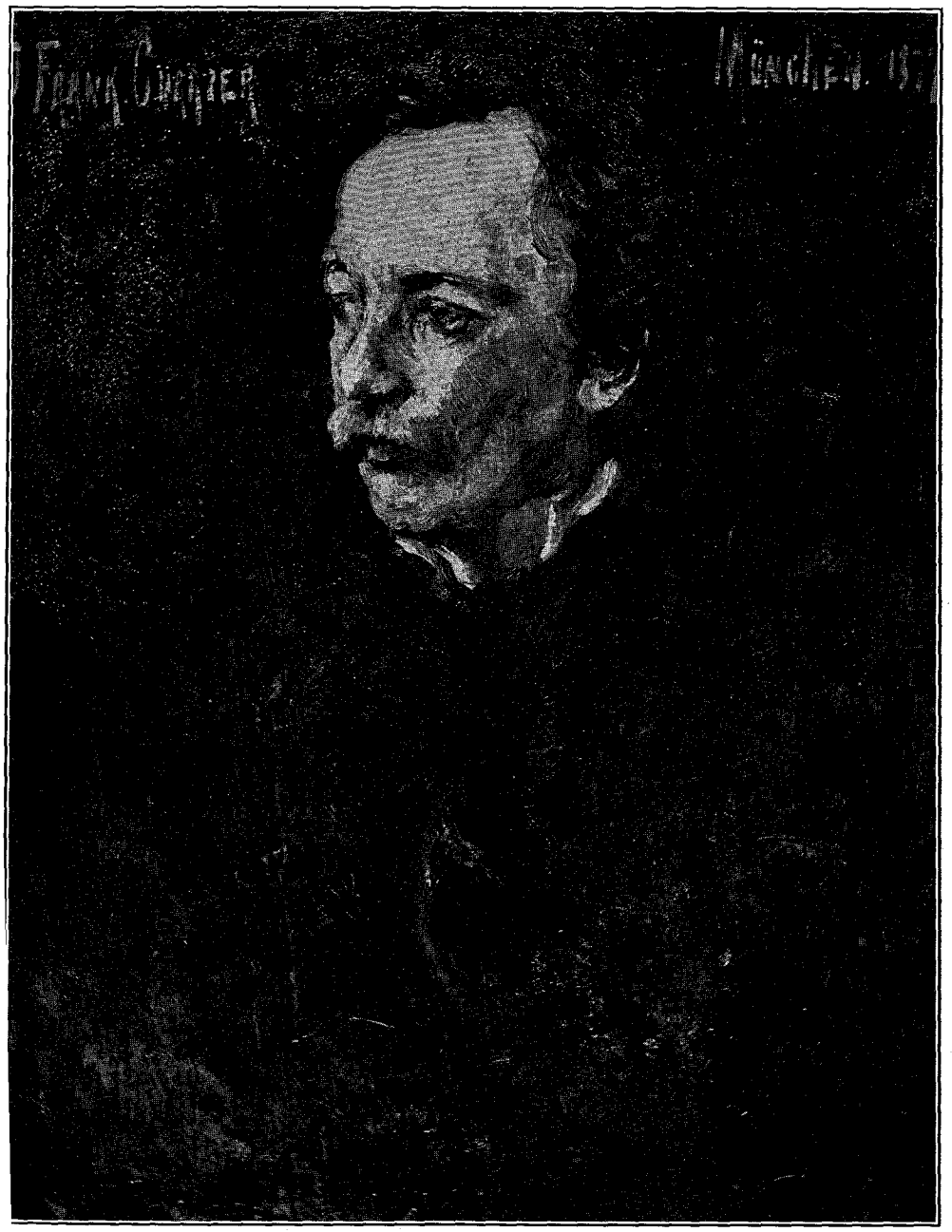
tunity to have his fling at the Academy when the subject came up.

Few men among the painters, however, have received more abuse than did Whistler, who, indeed, may be said to have thrived upon abuse. With his nice



"PORTRAIT OF ROSS TURNER." BY J. FRANK CURRIER

From a photograph now in the possession of William A. Chase, Esq.

Of all the Americans who studied in Munich, Currier was the most radical in his broad, loose handling, his generalisation of forms and his unctuous way of painting. His recognition was tardy, and he never achieved any popularity.

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sense of humour, he once compiled a little brochure giving the different and conflicting opinions on his efforts, and most of these opinions were derogatory, which is the more surprising as his delightful etchings were the point of attack. These beautiful prints, to-day universally accepted, surpassed at times scarcely by those of Rembrandt, were referred to by such writers as Wedmore, Hamerton and others as "vulgar," "incomplete," "lacking in feeling," and even worse, while one writer maintained that they had "little to recommend them, save the excentricity of their titles." On the other hand, there have been many artists who, though they had the greatest material success during their lives and saw their canvases sell for enormous sums, are now decried and their efforts are rele-

"THE VALLEY FARM." BY JOHN CONSTABLE
Now in the National Gallery, London

Ruskin wrote of Constable as having "a preference for subjects of a low order," and said further, "I have never seen any work of his in which there are signs of his being able to draw, and hence the most necessary details are painted by him indifferently."

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"FROM BUD TO BLOSSOM." BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

One of the group known as "The Eight." Samuel Isham, in his *History of American Painting*, says of him: "The romantic painter *par excellence* is Davies, and his work is as personal and as interesting as any being done in the country to-day. Never once does he wander from his dream, his vision."

gated to the scrap heap of art. Who in these days thinks of the once famous Düsseldorfian, Meyer von Bremen? Time was, however, when no well-regulated American collection was without one of his German peasant girls. They do not move one to enthusiasm now. In their day they sold for enormous sums, but they cut a sorry figure in the auction-rooms at present. Go to any of the great museums and you shall see a procession of pictures that were once popular, canvases that collectors fought for, but which now seem trivial, dreary, incomplete, lacking in any of the great qualities of art; they make a spectacle and a sad one, of the mutability of passing fashions, of the world's lack of art intuition. We see in these public institutions a long list of incompetent, inartistic men who had really no claim on posterity and little to recommend them save a certain amount of manual dexterity or facility, with a story-telling proclivity that momentarily entertained the groundlings.

While royalty in other times was a frequent patron of good art and did much to encourage the craft by its substantial commissions and social favours, the modern wearers of crowns have been, as a rule, but indifferent judges, triviality and dexterity appealing to them above all else. The late Queen Victoria managed to gather about her a wretched lot of painters and sculptors. Both she and the Empress Eugenie, for example, were unanimous in their approval of the German Winterhalter, who was official portrait painter to their majesties at one time. His art was as insipid as could well be imagined, and to-day he is a forgotten incident. It was of him the German critic Muther said: "He painted men and women, not as God made them, but as he thought God ought to have made them!"

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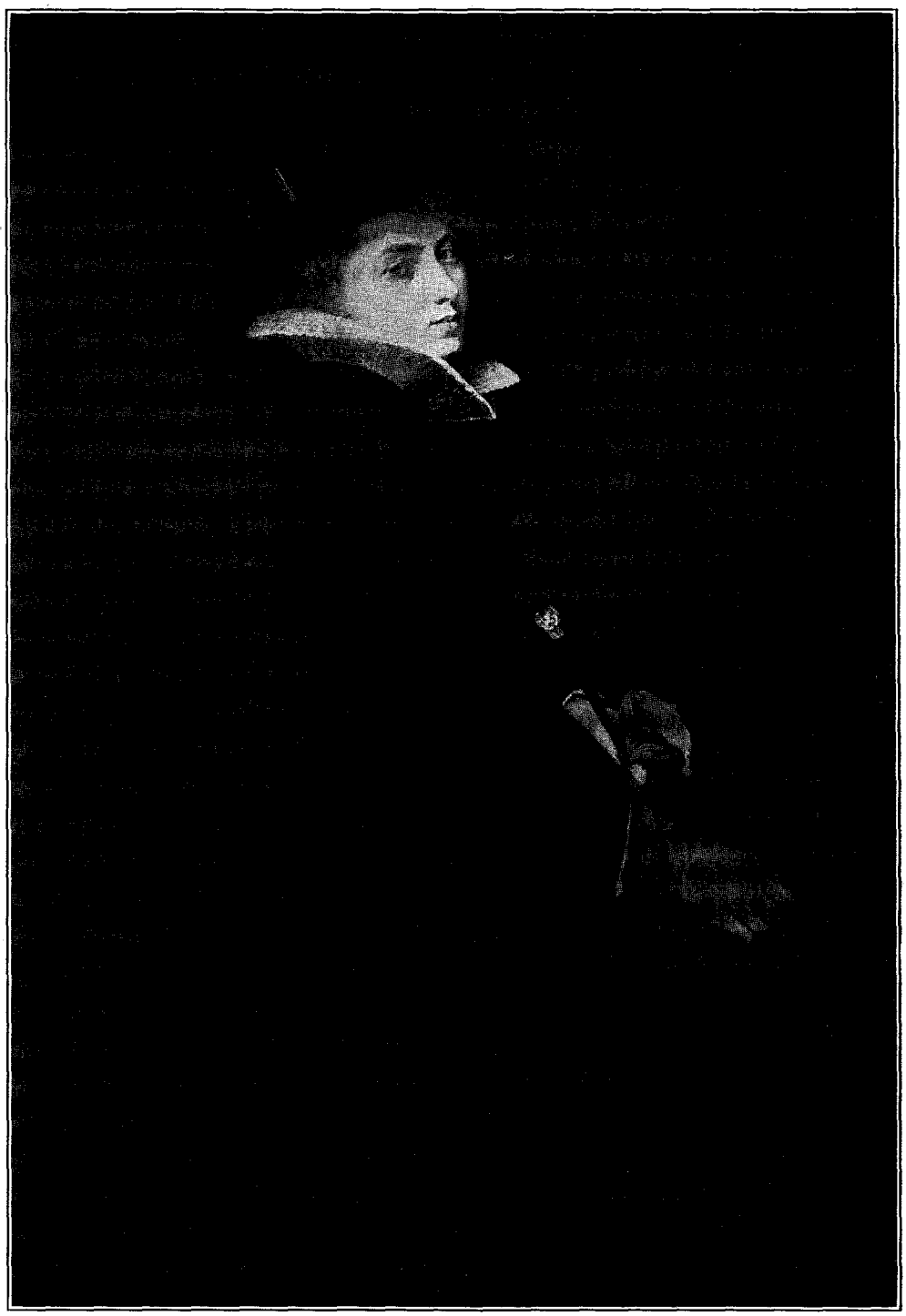

"READY FOR THE RIDE." BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

From the painting in possession of the Union League Club, New York

One of the pictures sent from abroad in the late seventies that created a positive artistic sensation. It was deemed startling and revolutionary in its Munich methods of breadth and low tone.

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His men were smug, his women simpering, as far removed from the human document as was possible. The many-sided William, a dabster at almost everything in the field of human endeavour, in addition to his duties as Emperor of Germany has taken art under his wing and striven to regulate public opinion, with the result that he is the laughing stock of the intelligent connoisseur, for his taste is execrable. Particularly has that artistic band known as the "Munich Secessionists" suffered from his stupid meddling and he has in reality done much harm. These same Germans have in the last score of years done yeoman work in an art way with their radicalism, inventiveness and originality, their absolute fearlessness and serious application to their true convictions. It is worth while making an exhaustive study of the progressive art of Germany to-day, to see what has been accomplished and how far it has influenced the world in general with its wonderful departures. Indeed, it may be said that the centre of the art world has, in the last two decades, shifted from Paris to Munich, as it had previously strayed from Rome to the banks of the Seine.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of the controversy that followed the display of the Impressionists in Paris, in 1871, when a little group of radicals held forth at the shop of the dealer Nadar. Manet, Monet and others were in evidence, and the catalogue contained a good deal about impressions, for the artists gave their canvases such titles as *"Impression de mon Pot au Feu," "Impression d'un Chat qui se Promene,"* and the like, and the eminent critic Claretie, in writing of the exhibition, summed it up as the *"Salon des Impressionists."* Thus originated the name which has stuck fast and ever since has the world known them. Presently, however, though people still laughed, it was not nearly so loud, and one critic, speaking of Manet, had the temerity to say: "A remarkable circumstance has to be recorded. A young painter has followed his personal impressions quite ingenuously and has painted a few things which are not altogether in accord with the principles taught in the schools. In this way he has executed pictures which have been a source of offence to eyes accustomed to other paintings. But now, instead of abusing the young artist through thick and thin, we must first be clear as to why our eyes have been offended and whether they ought to have been." With these words criticism first began to take these impressionists seriously. Yet Manet knocked in vain at academic doors for admission. We have his famous "Boy with Sword" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and in our present-day view of art it is difficult to understand any one objecting to the canvas, which indeed is one of the most notable possessions of that institution and in point of fact, one of the most remarkable works of modern art.

It is scarcely believable that the "Joan of Arc," by Jules Bastien-Lepage, also at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was in its time viewed with suspicion by the oldsters, so radical was its treatment and conception. Executed in the early eighties, it was one of the first of the pictures to be painted entirely out of doors, the artist making an honest and successful endeavour to envelop his figures in atmosphere, to give them the lighting of the open, in lieu of posing them in the studio, as had been the fashion from the earliest times. The canvas seems innocuous enough now, and, by the side of some of the work of the more recent schools, really quite conventional. With the many, however, it requires years to get a proper perspective. The dealer's shops to-day are full of canvases for which not long ago there was a steady demand but which cannot be given away now, save to some of the out-of-town collectors who are still behind the age. A mass of French, Spanish and Italian painters, not without a certain dexterity, who told an interesting story, who drew plausibly and were by no means unskilful craftsmen, in their day sold splendidly. Many of them, when prosperity descended on them, bought fine houses and studios in Paris and settled there to enjoy a life of ease and comfort. Not a few of these establishments are for sale to-day, their owners being quite unable to keep them up, for their wares have gone out of fashion. These were men on whom the American collector cut his eye

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teeth and they were not without patrons in Europe as well. It is the problem with the dealer as to how he shall rid himself of this useless stock and embark on lines more lucrative. The canvases are shoved in the auction rooms along with better work. The latter sells, but the former returns with exasperating regularity. Bigger men than these, however, have declined in public estimation. No less a favourite than Meissonier to-day sells for far less than he once did; Leighton, the Englishman, is by no means so eagerly sought after when he comes up at public auction as he used to be, and many more might be mentioned who fail to hold their own with the changing modes.

It is astonishing to recall the monetary success of some of the Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century and the prices their work brought. The late F. E. Church's work sold for monumental sums, twenty thousand dollars a canvas being by no means rare. So, too, Sir Purden Clarke's great admiration, Bierstadt, in his day, was the recipient of vast amounts, not only from his own countrymen, the State and National Legislature, but from prominent Englishmen as well. Here are a few prices taken at random from one of the biographies: "Rocky Mountains, Lander's Park," sold to Mr. James McHenry for $25,000; "Storm in the Rocky Mountains, Mount Rosalie," Mr. T. W. Kennard, $35,000, and the Earl of Dunraven bought his "Estes Park, Colorado" for the tidy sum of $15,000. The critics were pretty unanimous in giving him a grand place in art, but to-day the art collector will have none of him. Put these canvases up at public auction and it is doubtful if they could find a bidder. The American painter Sandford R. Gifford, not to be confounded with the late R. Swain Gifford, though the similarity of names caused much confusion at one time, was a great favourite in his day. There was a certain sweetness in his work if you will, but never for a moment did it approximate great art. He was a hot favourite, nevertheless, and at his death the scrapings of his studio were sold, along with some ambitious pictures as well, and they brought the absurdly high sum of several hundred thousand dollars! There are a number of them now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but they are hidden away in corridors to be as inoffensive as possible and, were they put up at auction, they would scarcely bring the price of their frames.

It requires years to get a proper perspective. One does not need to have grey hairs to recall the sensation caused by the young American painters returning from Munich in the late seventies with their revolutionary work. True, their canvases were rather inclined to have a bituminous character of excessive darkness, but while their older confrères here were painting in a smooth, polished, niggling manner, these daring youngsters dashed fearlessly at their work, with brushes heavily loaded with rich pigment. They brushed things in in great masses, ignored detail and generally concerned themselves with the larger side of their subject. They were regarded suspiciously, as presumptuous, audacious, weird, and the ancient National Academicians wagged their beards and predicted dire disaster eventually for them. In protest against the conservatism and narrowness of the Academy, some of these craftsmen broke away and formed the Society of American Artists, an action that was the theme of much conversation and many bitter feelings, but from this same society there was a secession, again in the shape of a protest, and the society of the Ten Americans was formed, while only last year we had an exhibition of The Eight, again in protest against conservatism, and these eight young men were still more radical than any that had preceded them.

In point of fact the world views with distinct disapprobation any departure from the conventional. The radical, no matter what his direction happens to be, is met with suspicion and disfavour. Long does the reformer knock at the door for admission. Because a thing is, to the many, is excuse for its continuance. Change necessitates a readjustment and readjustment is distasteful to the majority. And unhappily, the Philistine constitutes the majority. People are invariably intolerant of that which they do not understand. It is easier to denounce than to take the trouble to obtain

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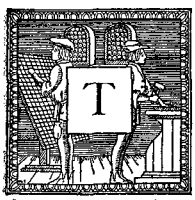
information, and ignorance is a difficult thing to combat. Art, however, is a curiously perverse goddess who rises superior to kings and government, to public opinion, social conditions, birth and environment. She visits the hovel more frequently than she does the palace, appearing where she is least expected. And she is absolutely incorruptible and unpurchasable.

Arthur Hoeber.

OPERATIC CRITICISM IN NEW YORK



HE combined efforts of Richard Strauss, Mary Garden, a neurasthenic public, a hectic press, and the two Oscars—Hammerstein and Wilde—resulted in a great triumph for *Salome,* in New York. Tank-dramas are doomed hereafter to noxious desuetude: cistern-dramas have displaced them.

The importance of this great production can hardly be exaggerated, and we were rejoiced to note that the New York papers gave it ample, if bewildered, attention. To prove that musical criticism in the metropolis is, alas! still in a formative, or embryonic, state, we need only point out that the critics could not agree upon a single vital point of the performance.

Of the morality of the piece, for instance, the *Herald* said: "Mr. and Mrs. James B. Eustis were the guests of Mr. Otto Kahn," while the *Globe,* on the other hand, declared that "Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Eustis." From this it is easy to see that Strauss's opera did not receive anything like expert attention. The *Journal,* as if to atone for the blunders of both, said that "Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn (how cockney and careless of the *Herald* and *Globe* to drop their H's this way) entertained *Mrs.* James B. Eustis." This only makes confusion worse confounded. Where was *Mr.* James B. Eustis?

The vocal and histrionic ability of Miss Garden only received the following meagre appreciation from the *Times:* "Mrs. Ogden Mills was in a collar of diamonds and *pearls.*" The *Journal* challenged our incredulity by declaring, fearlessly, that "Mrs. Ogden Mills's diamond collar was studded with *emeralds.*"

Oh! Critics! Hang your heads; abase yourselves!

That the orchestration was not up to the level of a first-class cistern drama is shown by the really intuitive remark of the *Herald* to the effect that "Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden." This is good criticism: helpful, sane and inspiring, but the *Times* spoilt it all by declaring, unequivocally, that "Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet." Now here is what the French call an *impasse.* It is clearly not enough that we should be told, by inference, that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., did not pay for her box—we must know *who did!* Was it Mrs. Goelet or Mrs. Burden?

We have reserved the crowning absurdity of the critics for the last. Here the question at issue is the lyrical quality of Wilde's semi-religious, semi-barbaric prose-poem. The *Times* went so far as to say, *apropos* of this, that "Mrs. Clarence Mackay's guests were Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. William Sheehan and Colonel George B. Harvey," while the *Herald* was inclined to favour a more literal interpretation of the poem and said, very wisely—"With Mrs. Clarence Mackay were Mr. Paul Morton, Mr. Rawlins Cottenet and Mr. Ricardo Martin."

Here there is an apparent deadlock, but THE BOOKMAN, realising that this is a subject of paramount musical interest, has detailed one of its interviewers to call upon Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Eustis, and Mrs. Mills. His instructions are: "Ferret out the truth: spare the ladies no pains. The future of musical criticism in America is at stake."

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THE WIFE SPEAKS

[In 1871 appeared Dante Gabriel Rossetti's POEMS, consisting largely of work executed more than ten years before, to which subsequent poems were added. Almost all of early date had been made into a manuscript volume by Rossetti for his wife during the two years of their union before her death. This was placed in her coffin on the day of her funeral and buried with her. In 1869, having for two or three years been importuned by many friends to consent to a disinterment, Rossetti yielded reluctantly, the grave was opened, the volume rescued, and, with additions, published.]

The little book is winged to outer land.
The book is gone, that was myself, more fair,
Myself being buried twice, when my love's hand
Laid it between my cheek and my bright hair.
Ceiled by the earth, it lingered long with me;
Till in my grave one night a ray was cast,
And life's own throbbing fingers set it free.
The blinded songs have seen the light, at last.

I bade my poet. He could not refuse,
Feeling me urging upward from the clay.
In dear old words I had been wont to use
I sought him with my spirit night and day,
Calling: "Belovèd, O my Poet, hear!
Rescue the songs that were my diadem.
Hear my dead voice, the living voices clear,
That may not hush till I have yielded them.
And shall the future say how I, asleep,
Waking, Art's votaress, let the dust bedim
Forevermore the token Art would keep?"
'Twas thus I called. And once, I sang to him:

Belovèd, hark!
Draw back your burden
Of songs, fair guerdon,
That lights my dark.

In aureole
Of soundest dreaming
Their silent gleaming
Besets my soul.—

My soul? The seas
Eternal bear it!
Shall worm inherit
The soul of these?

Arise, efface
The death-fast portal!
Make them immortal,
That shared my place!

Sudden I seemed to see him, from my tomb,
To see his head low-bowed in grief, and then
To see him pacing up and down his room.
And from my yearning heart I spoke again:—

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"I feel the darkling cloud your thoughts foretell.
Ah! heed, no more than I, the folk that pass
Ever conventioned upon taste to dwell,
When high deeds are in balance, who shall mass
To prove you false to self, with word and wit;—
Nor those who, with a zeal to analyse
Or turn a motive, have their feast of it,
And hover o'er the action vulture-wise,
To scent the vapours newly wrung from grief;—
Nor calmer, loftier minds that magistrate
Against you. They who know shall bring belief
To your upholding. Love, no longer wait!
Let the cloud lift. Reave dust and mould apart.
Give reasonings none, nor answer for the end.
Do right, and be misjudged, and trust your heart
To those who trust, before they comprehend.
Let idle tongues rehearse, untrue or true,
A secret life's dark, troubled narrative.
All have I seen, the best and worst I knew.
What has the world to say, since I forgive?
"Dear, my soul knew your impulse wild and swift
Of elemental anguish uttermost
That cast the treasure life had hieroglyphed
With mysteries to be my fellow-ghost.
And yet, have not the gradual after-years
Brought you the calm to see the lights that brow
The wider way? Ah, Poet, by your tears!
Call back to earth the unborn spirit now!"

Yes, he was great enough to see the way,
And strong to brave the moment and the pang.
And when resistance faded far away,
Again, but softly to myself, I sang:—

Now his messengers are here . . .
Now they tread the dewfall glassen. . . .
Now I feel their fingers near
Silently the door unfasten. . . .

Soft the light is thrown.
"Look," one whispereth,
"In the house of death
How her locks have grown!"

And another, "There
Should it lie. Ah, look,
She has thralled the book
With her passionate hair!"

They have closed again the door,
Borne the treasure to his keeping.
Messengers, now stay no more!
Leave him to his balm of weeping!

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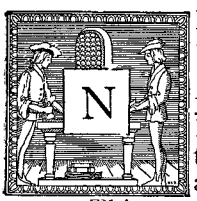
Leave him to his curtained thought,
To the shadows that immure him,
Till a destiny unsought
With an infinite echo lure him,

Who shall scale the magic bars
Of the topmost towers that know them,
Plunge his hand amid the stars,—
While his lady sleeps below them.

And I shall lie alone without my book,
Who gathered long and close the sacred fire.
Gently the little smothered voices shook
Their ghostly golden shroud for earth's attire.
Gladly I yielded them, all mine, all mine,
And in what pain of joy my soul unfurled
She knows, she knows, who once, in Palestine,
Renounced a Flower that lives to flower the world!

Agnes Lee.

ONE OF THE PARNASSIENS



EARLY fifty years ago there came to Paris to seek his fortune there, a youth of seventeen who had found his native town, Bordeaux, too tame and too provincial for his taste. This was Catulle Mendès, the son of Tibulle Mendès, a Jewish tradesman. Young Mendès was a strange and superficially fascinating creature even as a boy. He had long blond hair and an incipient beard which was then like floss silk in its fineness, and through which gleamed a pair of full red lips and two rows of ivory-white teeth. Already he had written much, though he had published little. He had acquired the technique of a practised writer. He had the morals of an ape. The world of letters at that time was beginning to be stirred by the new movement which may be traced to Théodore de Banville, but which found its full expression in the writings of Théophile Gautier—*notre Théo,* as the Parisians affectionately called him, because he had given them something that was new.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the cult of the Parnassiens, who got their name because they contributed their first poems to the anthology known as *Le Parnasse Contemporain.* Their formula was the famous phrase "Art for Art's sake" (*l'art pour l'art*). They date back as far as 1856, and their leader for a time was Leconte de Lisle, at whose house they met. As they looked upon poetry (and for that matter upon prose), there could be nothing new in thought or sentiment. All that was left was to seek the absolute perfection of form, the exquisite adaptation of language to its content—in other words, the adoration of the unique word, the delicately carved sentence, the exquisitely turned period. They professed to be quite impassive and impersonal in their choice of subjects, and to care only for the perfect finish of their phrasing. Morality was unknown to them. They made no ethical distinctions, for ethics was outside the sphere of art. So, the lyrics of Banville, and still more, the monstrous poems of Baudelaire in his *Fleurs du Mal,* might give lyric expression to what was in itself physically and morally repulsive. The utmost daintiness of language and the most subtle harmonies of sound might be evoked by the sight of a dewy forest glade or just as surely by a scrofulous child of the gut-

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ters. This was not cynicism nor was it a revolt against convention—at least, professedly. It was the worship of style, the ultimate expression of art in language.

Young Mendès, supple, insinuating, and with certain racial traits which led him to do whatever might render him conspicuous, threw himself eagerly into the ranks of the Parnassiens. There was a sort of lusciousness in what he wrote that gave one almost the physical taste of some rare and yet unwholesome fruit. Hence it was that Baudelaire declared of him: "I love this youth—he has all the vices." The more austere Saint-Beuve summed up the writings of Catulle Mendès in three terse words: "Honey and poison." But in those days Mendès seemed to be the equal of Baudelaire or of Gautier himself. His versatility was astonishing, and no less astonishing was his epicurean skill in tickling the jaded palate of literary sensualists. His poetry was strange in its fascinating variety. There was a touch in it of decadent Rome and also of decadent Greece; there were pagan mysticism and mediæval imagination. His metres were stolen from Ronsard and du Bellay. The spirit of his interlacing rhymes was Sapphic—full of ecstasy, delirium, voluptuousness, and underneath them all a brutal frankness which startled the reader as would a cobra concealed among a mass of lilies and rare roses. Those who then knew him marvelled at his gifts. They were almost tempted to believe that one who could at will reproduce the thunderous tones of Victor Hugo and the delicate music of Heine, had actually proved that all literature springs from the mastery of pure technique.

His prose, of which in later years he wrote innumerable volumes, was like his poetry save that it was more utterly depraved, while never in word or phrase passing beyond the limits of decorum. For the depravity lurked far beneath the surface, though it was inherent in the whole. So subtle was it and so profound, that probably such a book of his as *Monstres Parisiens* could be read not merely by young girls but by thousands of men and women with complete unconsciousness of the sinister and brutal implications that are concealed in almost every page. Perhaps it is only in his strange exotic novel *Zo'har* that the unsophisticated would find something to affect them with the shudderings of moral nausea.

Such as he was, with his golden hair and his almost Christ-like face, Mendès made his way into the inner circle of the Parnassiens. He became the intimate acquaintance of Gautier, whose masterpiece of fiction, *Le Capitaine Fracasse,* Mendès adapted for the stage. But Gautier mistrusted him; and perhaps the reason was that Gautier had a daughter upon whom Mendès cast the eyes of admiration. Judith Gautier was only a year younger than Catulle Mendès. Her beauty matched his own. It was of a most unusual type. Her face was white and pure like that of an antique cameo; her movements were graceful with a languorous Oriental indolence. Those who often saw her declared that there was something feline about her—most of all in her unfathomable golden eyes, which might well have suggested Balzac's *fille aux yeux d'or.* "Half goddess and half cat," was what they said of her; and yet she was a timid girl, a little morbid in her nature, and full of odd caprices. She had her father's gift and wrote in prose and verse; but she went beyond the field of literature and studied science. She sought for knowledge with insatiable curiosity, and yet all the while she was really seeking love. And so, whether she was listening to lectures delivered by grave professors of chemistry or astronomy or zoölogy, or whether she was collecting lizards and playing with them and letting them creep about her snow-white neck, she was really waiting for some one to arouse in her the flames of passion by which she was willing to be consumed if only for a time she might blaze amid them gloriously.

To her came Catulle Mendès with his beauty of person, his masterful eyes, his stealthy, sleek, insinuating manner. If Judith Gautier was half a cat, Catulle Mendès was more than half a panther. Beneath his winning superficial graces, there lurked such evil as belongs to nothing less than Satanism. Yet to the woman with the golden eyes, he seemed almost a lover from another world—unearthly in his

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fascination. The girl's father turned this wooer from his door. He would not listen to the thought of marriage between his daughter and Catulle Mendès. Then Paris was startled by an elopement, and in 1866 there was legalised one of those unions which are destined to be unhappy, because both the man and the woman were unlike the race of ordinary mortals. What joys it brought them at the first no one can say; but erelong the two had clashed. Poor Judith Gautier found in marriage only a mire of strange corruption, of unspeakable indignities, of monstrous, unclean, and morbid things. She took refuge once again in her science and her lizards, and in modelling in clay. Mendès, having trampled her deep down in the ordure of his own foulness, turned on her with a sort of hatred that was diabolical. Within three years they were nothing to each other, or rather, Mendès took as much delight in wounding her as he had done before in making all her senses thrill. It was not merely that he was unfaithful to her. There came a time when out of sheer brutality he caused to be published in a journal of the boulevards a most explicit story of his unfaithfulness written by himself. He brought the printed paper to his wife and gave it to her with a satanic leer.

From that moment they lived apart. She betook herself to Oriental studies, and became deeply versed in the languages and literatures of the East. She wrote books on China and Japan, a Persian romance and a drama of the Japanese. She became more and more eccentric as her beauty faded; and those who had wondered at her strange grace and languorous beauty came to think of her only as of a woman whose face was always daubed with rouge and who presented the strange blending of a female sinologue and an imperfect specimen of *maquillage*.

As for Mendès, he pursued his way, still exhibiting an extraordinary fertility of imagination which expressed itself in almost perfect form. And yet his insincerity repelled believers. He was distinctly a *poseur*, a self-advertiser, and the fickle Parisians grew accustomed to his tricks. He had an instinct for offering them always some new thing, and in this he was not in every instance animated by self-consciousness. He was a friend of Wagner while Wagner was still unknown, and he fought the master's battles persistently until the New Music won a triumph in Paris. At times, again, he would produce a piece of work which was of more than temporary interest. Such, for instance, was his dramatic version of the story of Medea, which before him had tempted the genius of Euripides and Ennius and Ovid and Seneca in ancient times, and of Grillparzer and Corneille and a dozen others since the Renaissance.

In my judgment this play by Mendès, which was produced in Paris on October 28, 1898, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle, will remain the most permanently interesting work of its author. In it he has taken the classical story and besides giving it many other artful turns, he has surmounted one difficulty which proved too great for the genius alike of Euripides and Seneca and Corneille. Every one knows the usual version. Jason, the splendidly heroic leader of the Argonauts, won the love of Medea, the untamed Colchian girl; and because of her love for him, she forsook her home and even slew her brother to retard pursuit. Later, she and Jason took refuge at the court of the king of Corinth; and there Jason wearied of the frantic fidelity of Medea, and sought a new marriage with the royal Corinthian princess. Now, in all the other plays, the character of Jason seems a psychological impossibility. How could this splendid chivalrous hero cast aside the woman who had given up everything for him, and then seek to excuse himself to her in a shame-faced, shuffling, cowardly, sneaking scene? How can one reconcile the leader of the Argonauts with this poor creature? Mendès, with consummate cleverness and truth to life, has cut this Gordian knot. Under his handling, Jason never was a hero according to our conception of what chivalry demands. He is, instead, from first to last, a brilliant, bold, unscrupulous adventurer. To quote from one who has made a careful study of the subject:*

> The chief characteristics of the Jason of Mendès are cleverness and brilliancy on the one hand, and unqualified unscrupulousness on

*Miss M. D. Hopkins.

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the other. No one can say that the French playwright has failed to make him interesting —as interesting certainly in this drama as Medea herself. In all the other plays based upon this story, Jason is never for a moment Medea's equal. But here the fight is even, the opponents well matched, and no odds are given.

CATULLE MENDÈS

To begin with, Jason is splendid, handsome, young, and with all the halo of past achievements about him, the victor who has never known defeat. And beneath this brilliant exterior the man is unsparingly revealed as not only now, but always in the past, a thoroughgoing villain, a black-hearted scoundrel (I use the terms of melodrama deliberately), bound by no scruples, flinching from no crime, thoroughly devoid of moral sense. No one could be in doubt as to this Jason's earlier attitude toward the sins by which he has profited. He is the most brilliant of adventurers, highly gifted, *capable de tout* in every sense, a very devil. He is conquering and golden-tongued, cynical and audacious, with a brazen effrontery that wins its way as it has always won it—a play-actor, an admirable type of the histrionic temperament. He is apparently a Don Juan

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whom no woman can resist—and this point is everywhere made the most of. The most curiously French note in the play, and, to my mind at least, the greatest cheapening of the old tragic story, is the application of this last to Medea—the fact that Medea is won over, save at the very end, by his feigned ardour and clever playing of the lover's part, so that she almost consents to his marriage with another woman.

Few Frenchmen have written more and with greater variety than Catulle Mendès. His death only the other day called forth a remarkable tribute of appreciation. Nevertheless, his estimate of his own works may be taken as the verdict of posterity. In all, he wrote some sixty volumes and plays—poems, novels, comedies, *contes,* addresses, prefaces. But when asked how much would ultimately remain, he once said to Mr. Stuart Henry:

"A few volumes, preserved because of their dedications in the libraries of friends whom I leave behind; two or three poems, or perhaps a sonnet in the anthologies."

I should say that his *Médée* is in reality his strongest claim to permanent remembrance. As to the rest, one can regard him only as a superb, elaborate, and brilliant failure. He had no sincerity. Nature gave him talent and not genius. He had no unwavering, fixed belief in himself. And, therefore, although he touched almost every phase of life, he merely touched it and passed on. He amused, he charmed, he shocked and he outraged those who lived in his own time, but he created nothing. This is the penalty which is visited upon those who preach and practise the doctrine of Art for Art's sake. In their subconscious selves they are sceptical and perverse, and at the end they are punished with oblivion. The last of the Parnassiens now living is Anatole France—witty, ingenious, scintillating, inimitable; yet he, too, must go the way of all the rest. He has no soul any more than Mendès had; and without a soul, without some loftiness of spirit, the literature that lives can not be written.

Harry Thurston Peck.

DECLINED WITH THANKS

Oh! "Declined with thanks"—oh! "Declined with thanks!"
Are all these editors merely cranks?
Here are rejections—I have plenty more—
Don't tell it in Gath— I've many a score!
"Surplus of matter"—"accept if we could!"
(Very polite, but that's no earthly good!)
Keep it for months, if it happens to suit,
Meanwhile I'm starving—it's Dead Sea Fruit!
"This is too clever"—"that's not good enough!"
(They think they can gauge the right kind of stuff!)
Well, if in life's lottery I've drawn the blanks,
Engrave on my tombstone—"Declined with Thanks!"

La Touche Hancock.

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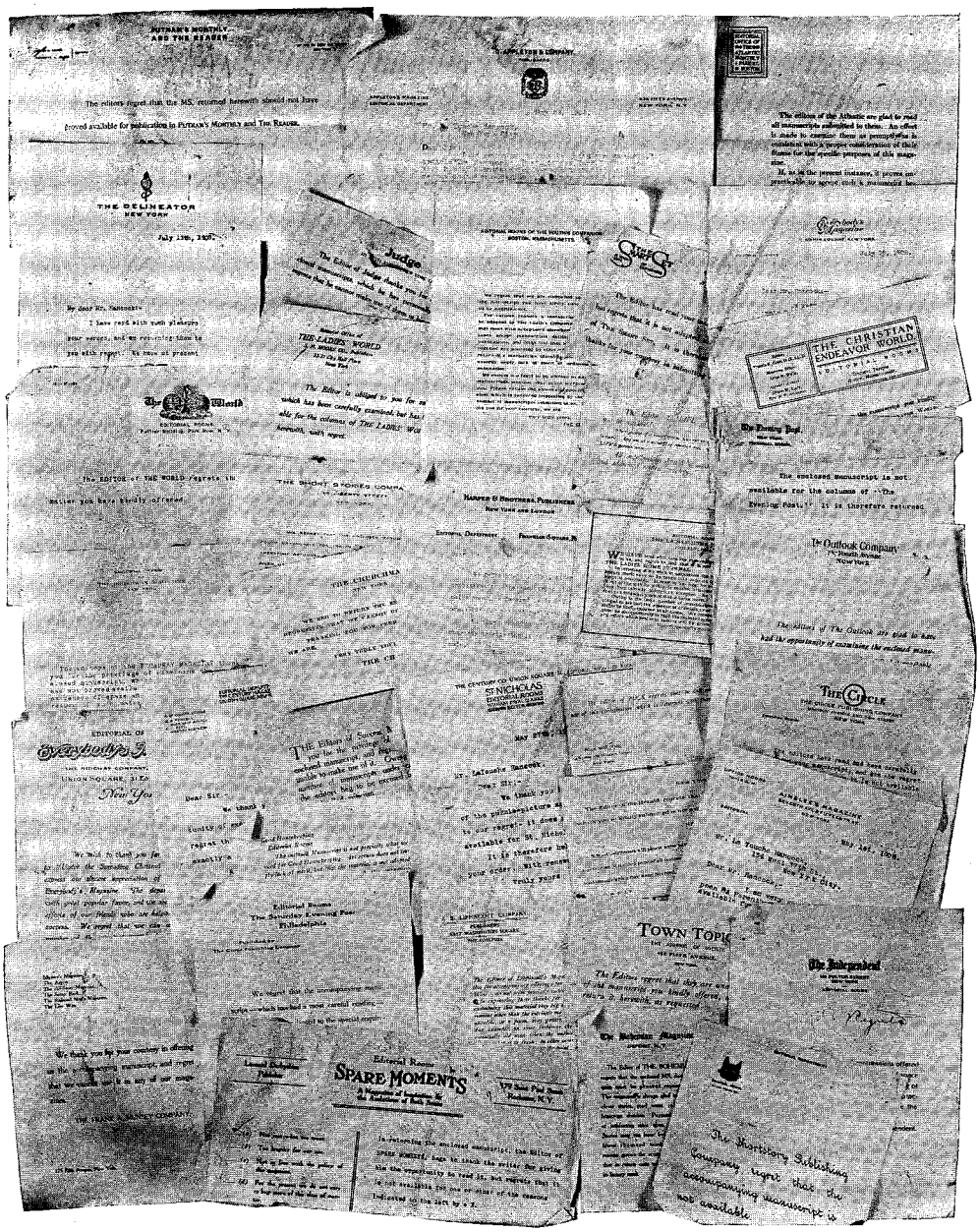

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NEA

"TOM" MOORE'S "NEA"

THE island of Bermuda, so favourite a winter refuge to Americans, will soon celebrate with fitting ceremony the three hundredth anniversary of its colonisation by the English. Chief among the interesting characters who will probably figure in the pageants are "Tom" Moore, the Irish bard, and "Nea."

Not one of Moore's early loves inspired him with sweeter song than did the young Bermuda girl to whom he dedicated the "Odes to Nea," and of none did he retain more affectionate or lasting memories. "Nea" was a name of his own fantasy. The original was christened Hesther Louise, and was the daughter of a Bermuda merchant named Tucker. In 1804, when Moore went to Bermuda in high glee at having secured an honourable position through the influence of the Earl of Moira, Hesther was eighteen, in the full bloom of beauty, which matures early in the tropics. Her family lived in the garrison town of St. George, the capital of the islands and the residence of the governor. It was a gay little place, socially, and in winter was further enlivened by the English admiral and his staff.

The fame of the handsome young poet had preceded him. His translation of *Anacreon* had brought him recognition in London, and on reaching Bermuda he was fêted and lionised to an extent which must have flattered his vanity. The admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, charmed to have so witty a guest, at once extended the hospitality of his home.

Moore's duties, as registrar of the Court of vice-admiralty, being almost nominal, left him plenty of time for the "innumerable dances and feasts" which he mentions in his letters from the island. It was probably at one of these that he met Hesther Tucker. To dance was as natural to her as to breathe, and her grace called forth his unstinted admiration, although it proved a constant source of jealousy, for he had many rivals among her partners, including the officers of the garrison, by whom she was styled the "Rose of the Islands." His susceptible nature was completely captivated by Hesther's charming, natural manner, and he fell desperately in love with her, in spite of his protest in Ode No. 1:

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea, had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But oh, this weary heart hath run
So many a time the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

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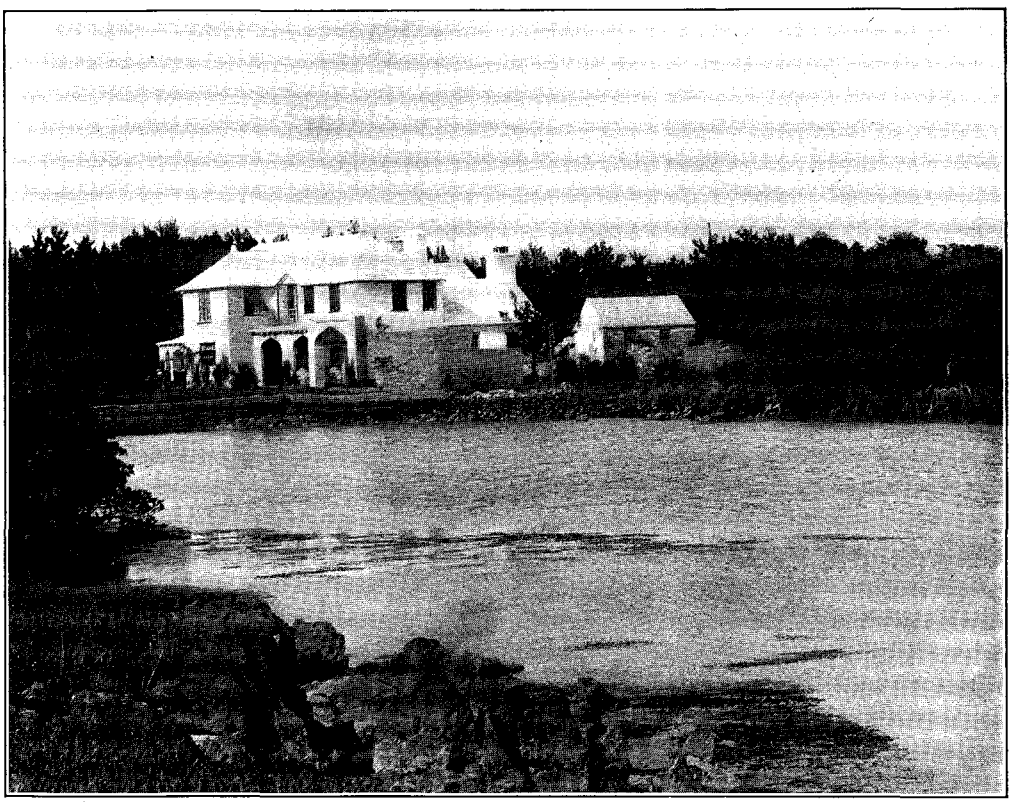
It is small wonder if Hesther, weary of the insipid whisperings of the youthful midshipmen and the prosy love-making of the practical islanders, listened with rapture to the impassioned words of the witty Irishman. True, she was betrothed to her cousin, William Tucker, a fact of which Moore was not ignorant, judging from the opening lines of Ode IV—but this did not prevent her from



WALSINGHAM HOUSE

encouraging, to some extent, the poet's attentions. Whether her affianced husband objected seriously to the flirtation we have no means of knowing. Possibly, from the standpoint of a prosperous merchant, the devotion of the penniless bard appeared harmless. The only thing which throws any light on the subject is the fact, substantiated by his grandchildren, that Mr. Tucker, in after years, would never read any of Moore's poems or allow them in his library. He gave no reason for this, but he who runs may read.

From the admiral's winter quarters could be seen Hesther's home, famed for its hospitality. Here, her father, a portly gentleman of the old school, and his wife, kept open house, and during her brief girlhood the daughter of the family was a great favourite.

The old homestead has long since passed out of the Tucker family, and merely a small portion of the building remains. The only habitable corner has been patched and painted and contrasts strangely with the crumbling walls around it. The hugh chimneys, built on the exterior of the house, are still perfect. Palmettos, oleanders, cedars and lantana bushes overrun the premises, but the "alley of limes" no longer exists:

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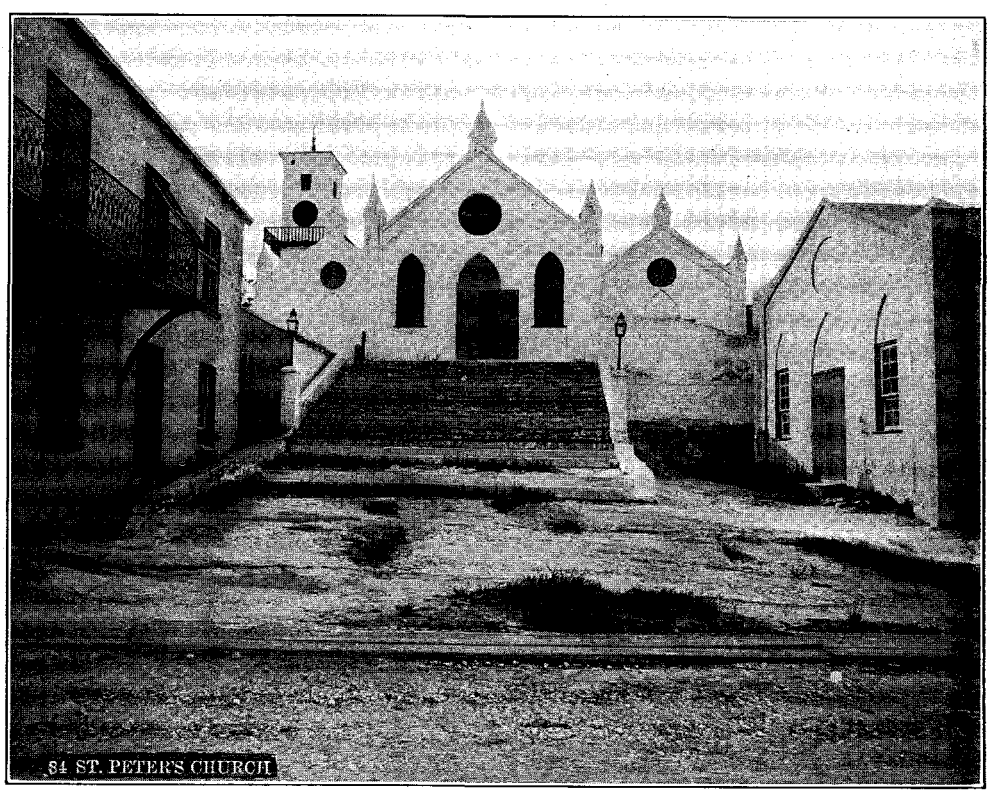
And thou, when at dawn thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,

picturesque spots on the islands, and although it is gradually falling into decay, the memories of the sweet bard of Erin "cling around it still." "Moore's room," with cedar fittings and tiled fireplace, bears unmistakable marks of vandalism. It was while visiting at Walsingham that he wrote much of his descriptive poetry,



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BERMUDA, WHERE "NEA" WORSHIPPED AND IN THE YARD OF WHICH STANDS HER GRAVE

I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh, think of the past, give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

Moore did not spend all his time in St. George. Walsingham House, the home of "President" Trott—a title bestowed on the acting governors of Bermuda—is more closely connected with his stay than any other place. With its wealth of ferns and flowers, its famous caves and miniature lakes, it is still one of the most

including Epistle III to the Marchioness of Donegal, in which he speaks of

These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone.

Here, too, with Nea several miles away, on another island not joined, as now, by the long causeway connecting St. George with the mainland, her absence inspired him to write one of his most tender odes:

If I were yonder wave, my dear——

In an epistle to his friend, Joseph At-

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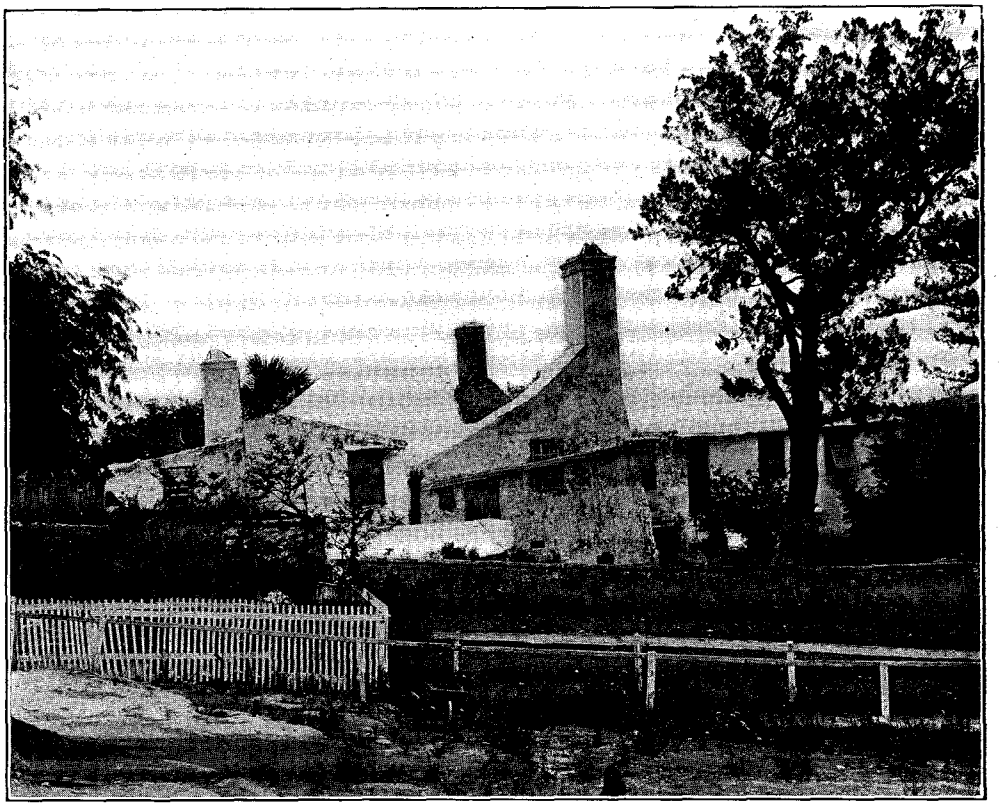
kinson, Moore speaks of the famous calabash tree, which still flourishes and is a favourite trysting place for lovers, who carve their names on its trunk as the Irishman once did.

The only picture in Bermuda of Nea is a small silhouette owned by her granddaughter, and probably "executed" by



NEA'S HOME

"William King, profile taker," who advertised in the *Royal Gazette* of that period and was patronised by the elite. It is impossible to gather from this outline a strong impression of the beauty suggested by Moore's adoring lines. The nose is too prominent, the mouth and chin delicate and the forehead high. The hair, which is heavy and probably not all her own, is dressed *à la* Pompadour. Moore speaks of her "dark hair," "eyes of light," "silky lashes," but with a poet's license he probably idealises his subject. An English writer who visited Bermuda in 1829 says of Nea:

> It is said that she was indebted for her fame less to her beauty than to the fascination and easy gracefulness of her manners.

Perhaps Moore's own description of the women of Bermuda applied to Nea:

> . . . though not generally handsome, they have an affectionate languor which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermuda girls—that predisposition to loving which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate.

Although greatly disappointed in the pecuniary profits of his position, Moore seems to have enjoyed his short stay in the British colony. Time never hung heavily on the poet's hands. Until he settled down into a life of blissful content with sweet Bessie Dyke, the wife

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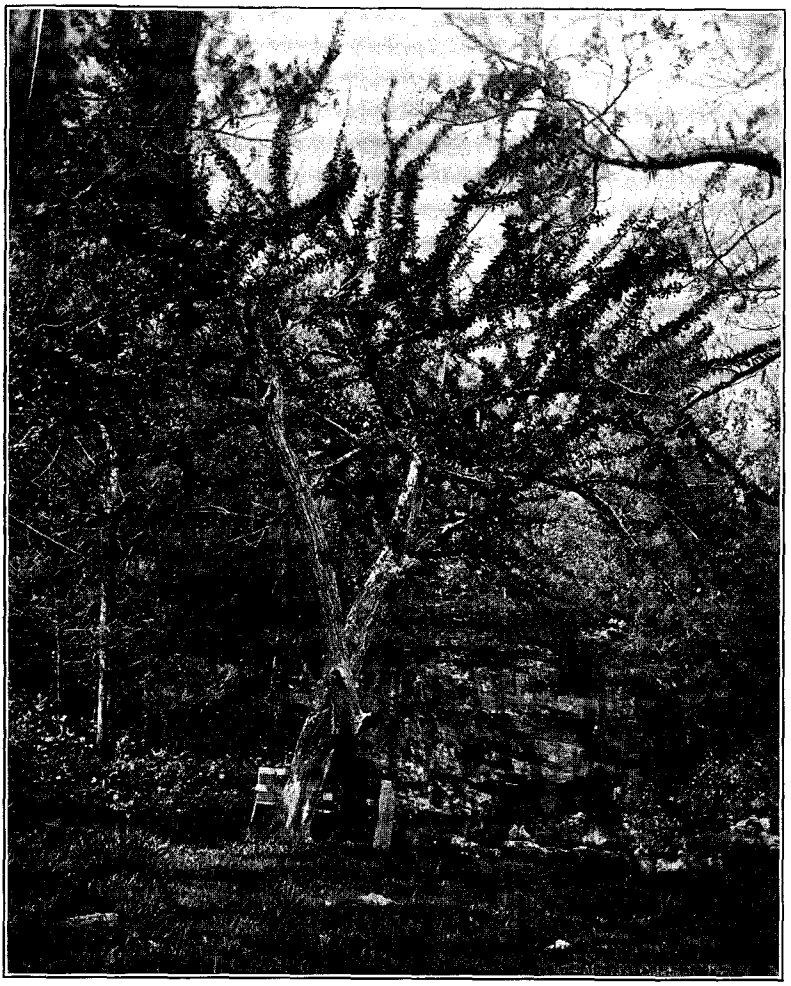

"TOM" MOORE'S CALABASH TREE AT WALSINGHAM, UNDER WHICH HE WROTE MANY OF HIS ODES

who clung to him with unchanged devotion through his years of mental aberration, he was always fully occupied with numerous *affaires de cœur,* and no doubt his delight in Nea's society compensated, in a measure, for his small income. In April, 1804, after three months in a "place of fairy enchantment," Moore sailed for England *via* New York. His last ode to Nea indicates that his affection for her had not diminished:

There's not a look, a word of thine
My soul has e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell
Like something heaven had sung.

There is no record of Nea's having mourned her Irish lover very deeply, and a few months later she was married to her cousin. The couple lived in St. George, and tradition says they were happy. They had several children, but the young mother did not live beyond their childhood. The Bermuda *Royal Gazette* of December 6, 1817, chronicles her demise. The obituary notice enumerates her many virtues, placing stress on

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the fact that she exercised "all the moral and social duties of the Woman and the Christian." In looking through the ancient files the casual observer would never guess that Mrs. William Tucker was the poet's "Nea," and few Bermudians could tell him which Mrs. Tucker it was who bore that name.

No special headstone marks the grave where Nea lies. She is buried with other members of her husband's family beneath one of the large, flat vaults common to Bermuda cemeteries. The inscription reads:

Mr. William Tucker's family vault.

It stands in the yard of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, the oldest in the islands, in which for generations the Tuckers have worshipped. Close to Nea's lonely grave grows a tall cedar whose branches also overshadow the tomb of Anne Willing, a young Philadelphia woman who died in 1801, and who was the wife of William Bingham, a United States senator. It is not unlikely that in so small a place as St. George the two who now lie side by side were well known to each other in life.

William Tucker, after mourning his young wife several years, married a relative of President Trott of Walsingham, the man who had extended generous hospitality to Tom Moore. He died in 1871.

Nea's only surviving child is Brigadier-General Tucker of the English Army, who, since being retired, is ending the last years of an eventful life, much of which was passed in India, in the south of England. Her two daughters were wives of men of good standing in England and Bermuda. One son was a distinguished physician and another a successful merchant in Omaha, Neb. In one of the far-away isles of the Pacific a dark-eyed maiden bears the name of "Nea." She is the daughter of the late Henry Tucker, one of Hesther's grandsons who settled in Fiji. Another descendant, living in Bermuda, is also named for the poet's early sweetheart.

Among the *Irish Melodies,* published in 1813, are two, "How dear to me the hour" and "Oh, that we had some bright little isle of our own," which were doubtless suggested to Moore by memories of Bermuda, the home of the girl immortalised in his Odes. The closing lines of the latter are among the best known of his famous songs:

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer there;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

Ella Darrell Kay.

THE POST-NUPTIAL NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

E are all familiar with the Frivolous Young Person who demands that every story shall begin with courtship and end with marriage; who has no use for the more serious purposes of fiction, and whose disapproval is most frequently couched in some such form as this: "No, I don't like that book; that is another horrid, married-woman story!" This attitude, of course, is natural enough as an expression of that unconscious arrogance of youth, which can see no interest in any other stage of life than its own. And, in a measure, it is a legitimate attitude, since youth has as distinctive a right to its special toys as infancy to its straw and rattle, and old age to its prayer-books and its beads. The trouble is that by sheer force of iteration the Frivolous Young Person has succeeded in putting her hall-mark upon a large body of

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Anglo-Saxon fiction; it is to her influence that for a couple of generations, at least, a large majority of our novelists have tacitly assumed that the properly constructed novel should devote itself mainly to the troubled course of young love from the moment of the first, highly romantic meeting to the happy culmination at the altar. It is an admitted fact that the tendencies of modern French fiction are mainly controlled by what the women of that nation wish to read; there is even more truth in the assertion that the tendencies of Anglo-Saxon fiction are largely determined by the taste and interests of the young girl. And this is a great pity, for in it we find the explanation of a lower average standard of merit in English as compared to Continental novels—a certain lack of vigour and sincerity and progressive boldness of purpose. Our novelists have failed to realise that the romance of callow youth is not the romance which lives; that while past centuries have given us one *Daphnis and Chloe,* and *Paul et Virginie,* these stories are the isolated exceptions that prove the general rule.

Indeed, outside of the specific literary type of prose narrative, it seems never to have occurred to any one to limit the scope of a story with the pronouncement of the marriage vows. We realise, when we pause to think of it, that the heroines of practically all the great epics belong to the "horrid married-woman" type. There was Helen of Troy, and the patient Penelope, and Dido of Carthage, all of them interesting because of their varied matrimonial entanglements. Or, take the Book of Esther, as perfectly constructed a story as ancient Hebrew literature has bequeathed to us. Here again, we have distinctly a married-woman story. The same truth holds good of the great dramatists from Æschylus to Shakespeare; the really great heroines are of the married-woman type, the really great problems are those arising after marriage rather than before. Juliet, Desdemona, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth—all married women! And if one cites as an exception the case of Ophelia, the answer to this is quite obvious: that so far as women seriously enter into the plot of *Hamlet,* it is a married-woman plot—namely, the marriage of Hamlet's mother to his uncle, while Ophelia, herself, is little more than a passing episode.

If we turn now to the earlier masters of English fiction, it will, of course, be easy for the champions of the antenuptial novel to make out a pretty good *prima facie* case. They will remind us, for instance, that Smollett's Roderick Random obtained Narcissa for his wife in the last chapter but one, that Fielding parts company with his Joseph Andrews in the act of "leading his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's;" and that the history of Tom Jones closes with a blessing upon "the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia." They will call attention to the fact that Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda,* and Miss Austen's *Emma* were both of the type that have their aim and end in a betrothal; and that even Thackeray with his mature and indulgently ironic outlook on life, felt that he had reached the logical end of his stories when Clive Newcome won the long delayed consent of his Ethel, when Pendennis at last discovered that it was Laura whom he really loved, and when Colonel Esmond, after wasting valuable years in pursuit of the unworthy Beatrice, wisely transferred his affections to her mother. All this is quite true; and the list could be multiplied indefinitely with parallel cases from the best authors of to-day—as, for example, Mr. Howells's *April Hopes* and Mr. James's *Daisy Miller* must both be excluded from the catalogue of married-women novels. But the answer to this is simply that these books live not because they end at the altar rail, or even before the altar rail is reached, but quite regardless of that comparatively unimportant detail. They live because of their grasp upon the truths of life, and because the young man and the young woman who happen in each case to usurp the centre of the stage do not monopolise more than their due proportion of the interest. When Thackeray or Mr. James or Mr. Howells shows us a young man and a young woman temporarily absorbed in each other, he does not make that very young and very romantic blunder of allowing himself and his reader to become similarly absorbed. He looks at the young couple

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and makes us also look at them from a mature, worldly wise outside standpoint—a post-nuptial standpoint, as it were, almost as if he were to say, "Oh, yes, they think they are happy, but what a tremendous lot they still have to learn about life!"

And if we are willing frankly to recognise the truth that fiction is the youngest of the literary forms, that the technique of fiction has taken shape only within the last half century, and that novels are being produced to-day that in artistic form and conscious workmanship are far ahead of anything written twenty-five years ago, then we must also admit that the really big things in fiction are those that deal boldly with the problems that follow the complete knowledge of good and evil—and not those that antedate it. This is why Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* is to be placed once for all on a pedestal high above his other writings; why *Romola,* in spite of its artificiality of form and setting, is a bigger work than, let us say, *The Mill on the Floss;* why, also (to take an example of quite recent date), there is many a ten-page story by Mr. Kipling that will outlive the entire bulk of his long novel, *The Light That Failed.*

The reasons why fiction should not be thus arbitrarily limited, on the one hand, to the starting point of a chance meeting, on the other, to a closing accompaniment of the Lohingrin March, seem hardly necessary to enlarge upon. They rest upon the familiar geometrical axiom that the whole is always greater than any of its parts. The whole of life, good and bad together; childhood, youth, maturity, old age, each with their special problems, their respective joys and griefs, are co-ordinate factors in the scheme of Things as They Are. And the novelist who goes on all his days picturing only the milk-and-water emotions of early youth is as far from giving us enduring pictures of life as the entomologist who should spend his allotted span of three score and ten upon a study of the chrysalis, and never show us a full-fledged butterfly.

There have been of late a good many encouraging symptoms in our new fiction. We are learning more than we used to learn from Continental masters. Our younger writers—and in this respect the English novelists are considerably in advance of those in this country—are acquiring a greater boldness and a surer touch in handling the really big and serious problems of social life. It speaks well for the present status of fiction that it is possible to find in a single month a group of books of such an average standard of excellence as those gathered together for discussion in the present article, all of which may justly be grouped under the general head of Post-Nuptial Novels.

"Rachel Lorian"

From the time that she first commanded serious attention with *The Maternity of Harriet Wicken,* Mrs. Henry Dudeney has definitely identified herself with fiction of the married-woman type; and in her latest volume, *Rachel Lorian,* she handles a peculiarly painful and fortunately rare problem of married life, with characteristic insight and with a technical skill that somehow just misses the achievement of something very big indeed. It is the story of a woman tied for life to a hopeless cripple; and to make her bondage harder, the man under the best of circumstances would have been unworthy of her, for he is egotistical, domineering, and mean spirited. This is the impression that we get of Francis Lorian even on the wedding day when, with all life smiling upon them, they set forth on their wedding journey to the Continent. Even as he is then, in the full vigour of early manhood, you realise that he is too self-centred, too assertive, too fully convinced of man's superiority over woman to make the outlook hopeful for the really fine type of woman he has married. It dawns upon you as you listen to their desultory talk in the train that is sweeping them across the south of England—just as for an instant it half dawns upon Rachel herself—that the best there is in Francis, the finest thoughts, the highest ambitions, are not really his own, but merely a surface reflection of the utterances of a friend of his, a certain Patrick Rivers, whom Rachel has never met, and who is, for the time being, somewhere in the heart of Africa. This Rivers, you feel, must be a most unusual

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and fascinating person, if even at second-hand his phrases and ideas can for the moment transform such an unpleasant nature as that of Lorian's into a person of real charm. And while you are already beginning to wonder what will happen when Patrick Rivers, perchance, comes home; what will happen when Rachel Lorian meets him face to face, and realises the difference between stirling metal and cheap alloy—without warning the crash comes, the train is wrecked, and Francis Lorian on the first day of his honeymoon is dragged from under the crumpled wreckage, a paralytic from the waist down, but otherwise quite likely to live out an average span of life. Now the problem that Mrs. Dudeney had to work out was in its essence not a complex one. Whether Rivers comes back from Africa or not is immaterial. To a woman living in the cruel and unnatural bondage that fate has thrust upon Rachel it is inevitable that sooner or later some man—if not Rivers, then another—shall come to make her realise the full extent what life has robbed her of. And then the struggle will begin, a very poignant, yet, after all, quite primitive struggle. This is really the essence of what Mrs. Dudeney had to give us, and she gives it with all the luminous insight and unsparing honesty that characterise her work. But what is difficult to understand is why such a good artist did not know when to stop; why she found it necessary to carry on the story for months and years after the crippled husband's death; and apparently for the sheer love of picturing misery, made the heroine's subsequent life an even greater tragedy through incidents which are not a structural necessity nor a logical outgrowth of her earlier experiences. It is this later part which mars the symmetry of the story and consigns it to a much lower rank in the scale of fiction.

"David Bran"

A sombre and unpleasant story, told with a well-sustained and conscious power, is *David Bran,* by Morley Roberts—the only other book of this able but uneven author which deserves to stand in the same rank with his *Rachel Marr.* It is a story of the sailor and fisher folk of the southwest coast of England; men and women of the dark, un-Saxon, Cornish type, among whom there circulate tales of "fair, white, shining women with golden hair to their knees"—but such women they have never seen; and they confuse them vaguely with heathen legends of mermaids. David Bran, like other young men of the village of Trescas, has heard these tales incredulously. They have not prevented him from giving his heart, his whole heart, as he believes for the time, to Lou Trevarris, the ripest, darkest beauty of the district. But through some instinct, Lou feels that she does not hold David's lasting and undivided love. For that reason she refuses to go through the marriage ceremony with him; for that reason the two become a scandal in the village; and because of Lou Trevarris, David's own mother, drives him from her house. But one day Lou talks to David of her presentiment that a white woman with shining hair and slender white limbs would some day come between them; and David broods on this; and when he goes to see his mother and sit outside the forbidden door to talk with her, he speaks of this mysterious white woman; and his mother, who knows more of the world than other women of Trescas, and, therefore, knows that blond women are not necessarily legendary mermaids, decides that the presentiment shall come true. It is through her clever manœuvring that Kate Poldrew, a Swede on her mother's side, with eyes like bluebells and hair like ripened grain, is brought to Trescas. Such is the foundation of a rather curious and daring study of primitive emotions—the study of a man's struggle to keep faith with the fair-haired, blue-eyed woman he has married and yet retain his hold upon the splendid, loyal, yet untamed woman of his own race to whom he had once vowed eternal fidelity. It is also an attempt to show how it is possible for two women of opposite types, who are rivals for the affection of the man they both worship, to understand and love and sympathise with each other, and eventually to accept with something more than resignation a condition of life that bids defiance to established conventions. The really remark-

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able thing about the book is that it carries conviction with it and makes us feel that these people caught in this curious tangle of destiny would actually do and say and feel the things that Mr. Roberts attributes to them. And this in itself is a triumph of the first magnitude.

"Arminel of the West"

Arminel of the West, by John Trevena, bears some interesting analogies to Mr. Roberts's book. In the first place, it is also a story of the primitive, un-Saxon folk of Southern England, the action passing in the rugged furze-grown wastes of Dartmoor. The theme is the entanglement of a certain Brian Challacombe, a stranger who comes to the moors for his health, in the lives of two girls of the district—Nona Wistman, the daughter of a highly cultivated but fanatical preacher; and Arminel, the illegitimate child of a certain Dartmoor John, a peddler of oil, with a small holding of land on the moors that he has acquired, not by ancestral right, as other commoners do, but by craft and guile. By birth and breeding and opportunities in life, Nona should have been a fine clean-souled, cultured type of girl, and Arminel an underbred, bold-mannered upstart. Mr. Trevena, however, evidently has his own very excellent theories about the evils of the "sheltered life" method of education. The fanatical Mr. Wistman has chosen to bring up his daughter in fundamental ignorance of the primary physiological facts of life; without consulting her wishes, her temperament, her mental and physical needs, he predestines her to a life in the cloister; and when she comes to him, full of the irrepressible enthusiasms of youth, the tumultuous joy of living, to ask him questions that arise naturally and spontaneously to her lips, and to demand some share of the freedom and privileges that are freely accorded to other girls, he puts her off with subterfuges and lies. Arminel, on the other hand, growing up haphazard to run wild like the Dartmoor furze and glean a knowledge of life as she will, develops, like the furze, strong and sturdy, with an inborn power of self-protection, a sharpness of tongue and prickliness of manner that will keep off an unwelcome touch. Yet, because of this free untrammelled life, she has grown up brave and true and tender-hearted within, a creature whom people come to love in spite of prejudice. While Nona, on the other hand, because of her repressed life, is full of a spirit of revolt, ready at a touch to blaze out into defiance of all laws, human and divine. These are the reasons why, when Brian Challacombe comes to Dartmoor, he can win Nona without the asking and with no saving ceremony of the church, while Arminel he can hardly win at all, though he asks in all humbleness and with every honourable intent. The specific problem offered by the book is that of a weak man trying when a little too late to do what is fair and right, confronted on the one hand by the righteous demands of an angry father claiming that he shall make the daughter the tardy reparation of a marriage, and on the other hand by the claims of the other girl to whom he is secretly wedded and whom he does not yet dare openly to acknowledge, because of her lowly origin. There is much truthful portraiture in this newly issued volume by the author of *Furze the Cruel,* much subtle understanding, also, of human nature, and a power of visualisation both of action and of setting that promises well for the author's future work.

"The Pilgrim's March"

The Pilgrim's March, by H. H. Bashford, is not unfairly described in the publisher's note upon the wrapper, "a novel of unusual merit." But it would have been much better had it been pruned of nearly half the characters. It introduces us at the start to an amiable, somewhat erratic middle-aged English gentleman who is not unpleasantly perturbed in mind regarding the destinies of his small nephew, Chris, and of Margaret and Robin, his nephew's closest friends. The story, however, promptly skips a number of years; Broggers, the uncle, Chris and Margaret become of quite subordinate interest; and the real theme of the story turns out to be the inward struggle of Robin, who finds himself by force of environment about as utterly a misfit in life as a man well can be—for he has taken the wrong path in business,

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in religion, and in love. Being fatherless, and almost alone in the world, he is taken into the business and also the family circle of a distant cousin, a certain Mr. Wing, whose innumerable sons and daughters the reader never succeeds in quite straightening, but all of whom seem to regard their work in the Free Church—missionary work, Sunday-school work, Bible class work, public speaking at men's Guilds—as the sole real pleasure of existence. Before he quite knows what he is doing, Robin finds himself caught on the hysterical wave of a revival, drawn into making public confession of his faith, throwing himself zealously into this same Free Church agitation, and incidentally offering marriage to his cousin, Betty, the least repellent member of the priggish Wing family. And all the time the poor boy is really at heart a good deal of a pagan, a worshipper of sunshine and flowers and all the beautiful things of nature; a born artist whose unspoken ambition leads him in the direction of sculpture. And while he is deluding himself into fancying that he cares for Betty and Non-conformist Protestantism, he is really very much in love with Judy, the wife of a disreputable French painter—Judy, once a famous model of the Quartier Latin, yet possessed of an innate honesty that carried her unscathed through the miry life of the *atelier*. Robin's slow awakening to the missteps that he had already taken—the irretrievable step he is about to take, is depicted with a sureness of touch, a sympathetic understanding that deserve high praise. Of course, the real crisis of the story comes on the day when Robin, having so far broken with his old life as to take up art seriously, is just completing the Psyche for which Judy has volunteered her services. The last sitting is over. Judy has left when Betty and one of her brothers come to the studio, discover the nature of Robin's work, and have not had time to voice their shocked sense of its impropriety, when Judy innocently returns for a forgotten pair of gloves. Up to this moment neither of them has thought of harm in what they were doing; up to this moment they would both staunchly have defended the high purpose and purity of art. But now, as Robin's eyes go from one woman to the other, he suddenly knows the truth: that it is Judy and not Betty whom he loves. And because this fact becomes eloquently legible in his own face there is no need of words. The conscious innocence of their relations is at an end, and they neither of them have a word to say in defence either of art or of themselves. Here really is the end of the story, though the author does not seem to have known it. He goes on to tell us that Robin and Judy separated and Robin eventually married another woman. Perhaps he did, and possibly he was happy, but if so the fact does not interest us. The book could have stopped fifty pages sooner and by so doing have been a better book.

"Kingsmead"

Those of us who frankly like the work of Bettina von Hutten will find ourselves asking in some perplexity whether her new volume, *Kingsmead*, is or is not a better story than *Pam Decides* and *The Halo*. As the author has a little trick of now and then skipping a decade in between the volumes, which are gradually forming a lengthy series, and the important small boy or small girl of one book is raised to the dignity of hero or heroine in the next, it becomes a little difficult to keep track of the relationship between the various characters. Luckily, however, this is not really essential to an understanding of the plot of *Kingsmead*. All you need to know is that Lord Kingsmead on coming of age finds himself so saddled with debts that he sells his ancestral estate to a certain, kindly hearted, but hopelessly vulgar, old man of the name of Lansing, who has made a fortune in enamel bath tubs. Because Kingsmead loves the old estate, partly also because he admires big, strong, athletic Teddy Lansing, whom he had known at Cambridge, he endures the Lansing vulgarity and pays a protracted visit to his old home. He quickly discovers that in the neighbourhood there is a certain Mrs. Gilpin, the widow, he is told, of an English officer killed in Indian border warfare—a slender, fragile, dainty little woman possessed of that rare

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quality, charm. He also discovers that Teddy Lansing has lost his heart to her, and that she apparently is hesitating—whether because of love for the dead husband or aversion to the enamel bath tubs, Kingsmead cannot determine. At all events, he does his best to bring the two together, never suspecting that his interest in Mrs. Gilpin is due to something a good deal deeper and more vital to himself than his friendship for Teddy. In fact, he does not awaken to the real condition of his own heart or that of Mrs. Gilpin until the painful moment when he quite accidentally tumbles upon the discreditable secret lying in the background of that lady's earlier life. It is a pity that this volume, which up to this particular point contains the best work that the author has done in several years, should all of a sudden weaken palpably. In Lord Kingsmead she has intended to portray the soul of chivalry and honour; and up to this point she has succeeded. But when he is confronted with a real crisis in his own life and those of his two best friends, it is an open question whether the solution he finds is chivalrous or cowardly. Yet, though it weakens, it does not for a moment relax in interest.

"The Story of Thyrza"

The Story of Thyrza, by Alice Brown, is a careful ambitious piece of work eminently characteristic of the author, yet essentially and unnecessarily painful in its final working out. Incidentally, one must note that the central motive of the whole tangle depends upon a curiously warped attitude of mind that does not strike the average sane reader as convincing or even plausible. To state an unpleasant plot as clearly and concisely as possible, *The Story of Thyrza* narrates the life tragedy of a girl who suddenly learns that the man whom she has been expecting to return and make her the belated reparation of marriage has chosen instead to marry her sister. It being impossible for her to remain under the same roof, she disappears from her former home, bravely faces life single handed and succeeds after a protracted struggle in earning a modest living for herself and her child. In her new home she comes into touch with another man, who has the position in life, the money and the willingness to give her an honourable standing in the world as his wife. Furthermore, she knows that she loves this man as she never loved the other, and as she never will love again. But—and here comes in the queer, warped way of seeing things—she has kept the secret of her child's paternity; for her sister's sake she must continue to keep it; and she is afraid that if she marries she will never be able to convince the world that her husband was not the man who once wronged her. So she deliberately chooses to renounce happiness for herself and an honourable name for her boy rather than have a taint of suspicion fall upon the man she loves. With all its art, the story still leaves you incredulous.

"The Actress"

The Actress, by Louise Closser Hale, does not, strictly speaking, belong in the class of married-woman stories, excepting in so far as life on the stage may be regarded as an initiation into the fundamental problems of mature life. Frankly speaking, although a book that is very delightful in many respects, regarded as a novel *The Actress* is structurally so loose that at times it almost ceases to be a novel at all. It is a narrative in the first person, told by a young woman with lofty ambitions and considerable talent for the stage. In the opening chapters there is a wealthy, good-hearted, altogether worth while New Yorker who would gladly make her his wife if she would give up her profession. So to escape him, perhaps also to escape herself, she accepts a place in a company that is going to England for the summer; and the greater part of the book is a graphic, realistic, intimate chronicle of life behind the footlights, told with a first hand knowledge that justifies the suspicion that it is largely autobiographic. Really, it is this part of the book that one cares about, and certainly it is extremely well done. Some of the bits of characterisation are deliciously human. Eventually, the heroine finds that the footlights have lost their glamour and is glad to come back to her long suffering American stockbroker;

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but that part of the story is almost in the nature of an anti-climax. It is certainly not the part that one lingers over and reverts to as one does to the earlier chapters.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Dewitt's "Assassination of Abraham Lincoln"*

The title on the cover of this book is somewhat misleading, inasmuch as only two chapters (or fifty-four pages) relate to the actual story of the assassination. The rest of the volume describes with much detail the reign of terror which followed upon the assassination, culminating in the military trial which condemned to death not merely Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt, but also Mrs. Mary E. Surratt. The facts which Mr. Dewitt has gathered are very interesting and are properly documented. They may serve to convince even the most credulous that the execution of Mrs. Surratt was no better than a crime, and they also deepen the shadow which every year is casting about the figure of Edwin M. Stanton. Well-read historians have long ago assigned this man to his proper place. Before long, all Americans who are interested in the period of the Civil War will cease describing him as "the great War Secretary," and will fully measure his meanness, his arrogance, his unscrupulous deceit, and his utter cowardice. The only virtue that he ever possessed was honesty in financial matters. This, of course, was of great importance to the country at a time when millions were being lavished every day upon the armies in the field; yet it was not enough to balance his evil traits, much less to exalt him into the proportions of a hero.

The most valuable part of Mr. Dewitt's book has to do with the military commission that tried the alleged conspirators. It is plain enough that even this bigoted body would not have condemned Mrs. Surratt had it been possible to discover and arrest her son. She was, in fact, condemned because of his alleged participation in the crime. Yet even then the court (if we can call it so) recommended her to executive clemency. This recommendation never reached the President, who, therefore, with great reluctance, signed the death-warrant of an innocent woman. The memory of Judge Holt and that of Stanton must always be associated with this act of infamy.

We have said that the facts collected by Mr. Dewitt are interesting. It is a pity that he could not have set them forth in a more sober fashion. He seems, however, to have become infected with the hysteria of the period of which he writes. His rhetoric is that of a stump speaker. His English is often that of a cheap journalist. Listen, for example, to this passage, which he himself doubtless thinks to be very fine.

> At the very height of the jubilee, the dread spectre that hitherto had kept its haunts in the guarded palaces of kings, stalked into the open portals of the transatlantic republic and laid a death-dealing hand on its twice-chosen head. With an abrupt clang the joy-bells ceased.

Again (p. 239), "a stretch of official decorum" is said "to throw a sinister light." We are also told of "lady boarders" (p. 32), and a "veteran sleuth" (p. 73). On page 305 occurs the following choice bit of English: "She saw a young man there *whom* Mrs. Surratt told her was her son John." Wilkes Booth, it appears, wore "bran-new (*sic*) spurs" (p. 122). On page 44, it is said of Secretary Seward that "he was the officer designated by statute to set the wheels of government in motion when the Presidency and Vice-Presidency both became vacant." We do not quite know just what statute is referred to, and

*The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln. By David Miller Dewitt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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whether Mr. Dewitt's mind has not leaped forward from the year 1865 to the year 1885. Altogether the manner of this book is as objectionable as its material is valuable. One should not write history in a series of rather tawdry purple patches and thereby make it appear ridiculous.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

The Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine*

One might reasonably expect to gather a good deal of semi-political and personal reminiscence from two volumes of letters written by the wife of Blaine of Maine. Every one is well aware that she entered heartily, not to say at times acrimoniously, into his public life, and that there were also times when her personal enmities affected her husband's political action. But here are letters covering a period from 1869 to 1889—twenty long and eventful years—and practically devoid of anything that is worth remembering. The three great crises of Mr. Blaine's career came respectively in 1880, when he nearly won the Republican nomination from Grant; in 1884, when he was defeated by Mr. Cleveland; and at last, in 1889, when he became President Harrison's Secretary of State.

With regard to these three critical periods, Mrs. Blaine has practically nothing at all to tell in her letters. There are pages and pages which relate to what she wore or what she had for breakfast, and of her general interest in her children, but we do not get anything that will add to our knowledge of her distinguished husband, or of the exciting events through which he passed. Thus, there is given only one letter written in 1884, and but a very small collection of notes written at the beginning of the Harrison administration. Then the correspondence comes to an untimely end. We may give an example or two of the general nature of what is actually printed in these volumes. Take the following (vol. i., pp. 12, 13):

> Father goes to Boston to-morrow. Am sorry to lose him even for a few days, but his errand is an important one and he must go. He will visit you at Andover before he returns. I would send you a basket of goodies, but he takes the eastern road. How did you like the buttons I sent you for your birthday? We are having the house painted. Quite an improvement it will be, too.

There are many pages of this sort of thing. Let us quote another specimen (vol. ii., p. 112). Mrs. Blaine had just given a dinner:

> My table was very handsome and the courses many and good. And as many of my guests were from boarding-houses, ample justice was done Mary's good cooking. Here are the courses, for I am too stupid to write anything sensible to-night: Oysters on shell, mock turtle soup, broiled chicken and fried potatoes, sweet breads and peas, asparagus, Roman punch, partridge and salad, ices, charlottes, jellies, fruits, coffee and tea.

If these were exceptional passages, one might read them with a certain interest, as showing how the Blaine family used to entertain. But, unfortunately, the passages are not exceptional, save that Mrs. Blaine seldom had quite so elaborate a spread as the one just noted. But why on earth should a book be issued in two volumes to inform us, for instance, that the Blaine family had liver and bacon for breakfast in November, 1876! And it is practically all like this. There are countless allusions to Mr. Blaine, but they do not give us any information about him. He flits through the pages like a shadow, hovering around the domestic occupations of his wife, which were not essentially different from the domestic occupations of several million other wives.

Just a few half-spiteful touches relieve the monotony if one has the patience to seek for them. Thus, when President Arthur succeeded to office, and cut short Mr. Blaine's rather dubious Chilean policy, Mrs. Blaine sets down a word or two, which after all betray merely her own state of mind. Thus she says of Mr. Arthur:

> You remember, don't you, about Arthur's two passions, as . . . discussed at Sam Ward's

* Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols. New York: Duffield and Company.

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dinner in New York? New coats being one, he having then already ordered twenty-five from his tailor since the new year came in; the other, seeming to do things while never putting his mind or his hands near them.

And the following on Mr. Arthur's intellectual attainments:

If you remember the description of Arthur as given by Mr. Hurlburt of the *World* at Sam Ward's dinner, . . . you have a very correct idea of him. I do not think he knows anything. He can quote a verse of poetry, or a page from Dickens and Thackeray, but these are only leaves springing from a root out of dry ground. His vital forces are not fed, and very soon he has given out his all. I hardly know whether we are on terms with him.

Later on, Mrs. Blaine criticises Mrs. Cleveland for leaving the inauguration ball in 1889 at too early an hour; and there are indications here and there that from the very beginning of President Harrison's administration, the Blaines and Mr. Harrison did not get on. Harrison refused to make Walker Blaine ("Jacky," his mother calls him) Assistant Secretary of State. Mrs. Blaine thereupon remarks:

Your father did not care to make a fight about it, so he quietly put him in as law adviser. . . . All first propositions are rejected. It is a most uncomfortable twist in the make-up of a man.

If Mrs. Beale, who edited these letters, had cut them down to one small volume of about a hundred pages, neither the world nor the publishers of the book would have suffered any loss. The footnotes are carelessly written, as, for instance, when Mr. Allan Thorndike Rice's name is continually misspelled. Quotations from Appleton's *Encyclopædia of American Biography* are interspersed throughout the text. Possibly the most interesting thing in the book is its revelation of the fact that although Mr. Blaine stayed for quite a while in Italy, he never learned more than two Italian words—*piano* and *presto*. After this, Mrs. Blaine's criticism on President Arthur seems decidedly uncalled for.

Richard W. Kemp.

III

Richard Whiteing's "Little People"*

Nobody who knows Mr. Whiteing's books needs to be told that the object of his lifelong and affectionate solicitude is the British "under dog." He has that "brotherly sympathy with the downward side," described by Carlyle, who had none too much of it himself, and who remarks, incidentally, that "no Jew creature has it, not even blackguard Heine, to any real length." The feeling that it is not "right" that a minority should welter in luxury while the majority is grubbing along at the limit of subsistence turns many to Socialism, many, "here and now," to that variety of it which Mr. Taft calls "parlour Socialism." Those who perceive the contradictions of the social fabric without being moved to do anything about it, it is apt to turn to cynicism. Mr. Whiteing, for want of seeing anything to be "done" by legislation, contents himself with pointing out the contradictions. A Jeremiah without a programme is terribly apt to be a bore. (It is true that a Jeremiah with a programme is apt to be a still worse bore.) That Mr. Whiteing is never a bit of a bore is to be imputed, not only to his conviction that "diagnosis precedes therapeusis." It comes also from his possession in a high degree of the philosophic spirit, of literary craftsmanship, and, in abounding measure, of the saving grace of humour. Philosophy, literary skill, and humour will go a long way toward making almost any thesis acceptable.

It is an old remark about Dickens that the "people" he makes interesting are none of them "distinguished." His characters are "Little People." This title the present author takes from an Irish superstition of the fairies who are seen only in the twilight and at the dawn, being invisible in the garish day. In another way, of course, than that of Dickens, Mr. Whiteing makes it his business "to attend to the neglected and to remember the forgotten." It is "implicit," to use a word that is rather overworked

*Little People. By Richard Whiteing. London, Paris, New York, Toronto and Melbourne: Cassell and Company, Limited.

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in these pages, in all his books that, with all the political liberalisation that has been going on, apparently even including the irruption of the "Labourites" into the House of Commons, social England remains essentially feudal. To "keep it so" is the purport of "Church and State, as by law established," is the continual endeavour, conscious or unconscious, of the Parson and the Squire. Between them they try to keep Hodge in his place, ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, and doing his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased the Genius of the British Constitution to call him. That datum becomes "explicit" in *The Yellow Van,* and it is, one may say, the staple and subject of the essays and sketches, which are mostly both, that make up the present volume.

When feudalism becomes complicated with industrialism, snobbery necessarily emerges. But this is by no means a "Book of Snobs." Also, with that combination, there are two kinds of waifs and strays, the bold bad Hodge of the country who will not order himself reverently to the parson and the squire, and the failure of the town for whose failure nobody is held to provide even mitigating soup and blankets. But neither is this a book about the social flotsam and jetsam. The present "Little People" are those who are hanging on, desperately and for dear life, not only to life, but to "respectability," and who are conscious of a "social position." Mr. Whiteing calls them "ratepayers." Unfortunately, the word does not describe the nearest approach the fauna of our country affords to the species, for the American specimens are not apt to be aware of the "incidence of taxation," though, of course, it falls on them really all the same. But in England, that "paradise of local taxation," as Mr. Whiteing calls it, not to be a ratepayer is to be an outcast. So the series of presentations of the ratepayers is really a composite photograph of the average Briton, the duke at one end of the scale, and the actual outcast at the other, tending to nullify and eliminate one another in the portraiture.

> I now saw that there was a ratepayer spirit in the highest affairs; in politics and in patriotism, in poetry, nay, religion itself. To define it by one of its opposites, it was everything that was not Quixotic; the hero of Cervantes, in his final scene—the significance of which has been so strangely missed—not only repenting of his heroism, but realising himself as primarily a householder with all that the obligation imports. . . . The ratepayer is in fact the great general type dominating all others and knowing no variation but that of its name in all lands. In France this standardised fellow-creature is known as M. Jourdain or M. Prudhomme; in Germany he has the dual personality of Schülz and Müller. In Switzerland he bears a hundred names, most of them names of hotel-keepers. In him the bold, indomitable mountaineers of the heresies and the insurrections have come to a compromise with all the reactions.

So the book is really a portrait of the average Briton. Not that the Duke and the costermonger are ignored. Contrariwise, they are recognised as influences tending to complicate the actual "Ratepayer," to retard the avatar of the ideal ratepayer. Mr. Whiteing sees, as clearly as any American, that to base society broadly upon the average man is to offer the best possible guaranty of stability at a time when it is clear that "whatever is not made of asbestos is going to be burnt in this world." A ratepayer without the Duke, without the parson and the squire exercising more or less arbitrary functions, is beyond the purview of the Briton who "only England knows." To realise that vision he has to know America also. We are not ideal anything, we know well enough. But, as our poet has said, "Here the free spirit of mankind at length throws its last fetters off," save in so far as men choose to forge new fetters for themselves. But we may be thankful that the familiar British stage-picture of the happy tenantry dancing on the sward, under the landlord's favouring and benignant eye, at the finale of the melodrama, is unrealisable here, will not go here, even on the stage. But in England—take these excerpts from the chapter on "Our Betters" as indicative of the spirit of the book:

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Little rustic people still touch their caps, though too often only with a jerk of the thumb. The survival is better than nothing; it is at least a recognition that the Hall—and be hanged to it!—can hit hard when it likes. So the cottage stands for a submission which needs must, if only when the devil drives. Between the two there are the villas which bear a sort of feudal relationship to the great house by keeping a few dependents in their place, as the Hall keeps their masters. The villas send deputies once a week to the Hall to render an account of their stewardship of subservience as it concerns cook, housemaid, gardener and page-boy, and generally speaking to do homage at afternoon tea. The whole life of the settlement still lies in the hollow of the old feudal hand. The old lordship of the manor still holds, though by an agency more potent than the sword. . . . Ornament counts; our peasantry in one of their attributes are part of the view, like the cows and the sheep, and without them the house-parties might miss something when they come down. The neat cottage, clean pinafored children going to school, sun-bonneted mothers hanging out the clothes, belong as much to the effect of the look of the thing as the great rose-garden and the fairy dell. It is all beautiful, beyond doubt, restful, and everything else that makes for the sense of the happy land.

Which is grim enough, without doubt. But not all the social sketches are so shady. The last one is "A Little Saint," in which Mr. Whiteing, characteristically, finds his British heroine in a little lodging-house keeper who painfully cleans up her lodgings while she is awaiting the Second Coming. But what one has to say without any question of the studies is that they are, one and all, "to read."

For many readers, and even readers to whom the writer is known only by his writings, the excellent portrait prefixed to the volume will be a very positive element in its value. It is naturally not a perfect likeness, though still perfectly recognisable, of the British journalist who arrived upon these shores in 1876, to report the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and promptly began to make the American friends he has kept ever since.

Montgomery Schuyler.

IV

Renan's "Patrice"*

Whatever may have been the defects in Ernest Renan's Semitic scholarship and in his criticism of the Christian religion, and whatever may be the ultimate fate of the gracious, æsthetic philosophy which he substituted for Christianity, there is little doubt that his marvellous literary style will exert a perennial charm. Renan was before and above everything else the literary artist, whose art no writer of the present generation—with the possible exception of his spiritual god-child, Anatole France—has approached. He enveloped every subject he treated—and Heaven knows if he treated subjects that are ordinarily considered dry and prosaic with a luminous atmosphere of beauty that positively transfigured it. The French language was as responsive to his pen as a violin to the touch of a master. Without artifice, by means so simple and direct that they scarcely deserve to be classed as means, he drew from it the most languorous cadences, the most ravishing tones.

Patrice is a mere fragment which the most ingenious devices of the book-making art have scarcely succeeded in expanding into a thin volume; but it contains as exquisitely written pages as Renan ever penned. It is replete with engaging philosophy, profound poetry and fluid Atticism. It is as witty, clear, fresh and suggestive as the best of his work.

Renan was the son of a poor Breton sailor. It was an uncle who paid his expenses at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. When he renounced the priesthood, he was left so destitute of this world's goods that he was fain to accept from his sister, Henriette, the two hundred and fifty dollars she had saved out of her wages as governess, and from a friend the red-ingote which replaced his discarded cassock—welcome aids which he afterward referred to humorously as "cushions considerately provided to spare him overrude shocks." He soon managed to earn his living by teaching, however, and in

*Patrice. A posthumous work of Ernest Renan. With heliogravure illustrations after Ary Renan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 6 francs.

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1849, three or four years after his rupture with the Church, he was intrusted by the Minister of Public Instruction with a mission to Rome. It was during the sojourn in the Eternal City necessitated by this mission that he wrote *Patrice*.

Patrice is announced by its publishers as an autobiographical romance. It is so little of a romance in point of fact that the reviewer may neglect the element of fiction it contains without the slightest injustice to the author or deprivation to the public. But it is truly autobiographical, since it records minutely and with obvious fidelity Renan's impressions and sensations at that early stage of his career.

It has often been asserted that Renan's gently ironic dilettanteism was the fruit of a serene but disabused age. The austere Raoul Allier, for instance, once said: "There came to Renan a time when the love of truth was no longer the sole impulse in his intellectual labour. It was replaced by the enjoyment of reflection. Renan was like those hunters who busy themselves not so much with securing the game as with enjoying the pleasure of the pursuit. He ran after truth, but he rejoiced above all in the sudden turns of the course." *Patrice,* which was written when Renan was only twenty-six, proves conclusively (and herein its special interest lies) that the "enjoyment of reflection," the "rejoicing in the sudden turns of the course," the *soupçon* of flippancy in observations regarding the sublime which appear so reprehensible to a certain order of pragmatical minds as to be adjudged by them a sin against thought, were as characteristic of his young manhood as of his maturity; and it even makes the inference a fair one that they were expressions of an innate and not of an acquired trait.

A single passage must suffice to illustrate this tendency of Renan to toy with his most serious ideas and emotions which emerge from nearly every page. Defending himself against the charge of pride he says:

> I fell to my knees, and with crossed arms, in the presence of God and of your thought, oh, my sister,* I sounded my soul, and I sought without feint and without detour to be true with myself. Well, Cécile, I dare answer you with the infallible assurance an untroubled conscience gives: no, I am not proud. I love to be mistaken in order to recognise my mistake; I love to have sinned in order to repent. A child makes me change my mind, a woman would make me retract everything she might wish. I love to weep and to beat my chest; I love to implore pardon of those I have offended. Sometimes, in the evening, I experience moments of delicious prostration. If there were a vestibule to the temple of the penitents, it would be there I would choose my place. If ever I enter heaven, I wish to abide in the quarter of the Magdalens.
>
> Pride is not to love; humility is to love much. At times I have suffocations of vague love and plethoras of sympathy which the egoist I believe must ignore. I love everybody in those moments; all are right in their manner, all are good, honest, amiable; even in the little faults of each I find charm. I cannot contradict anybody, I always agree with those who talk with me, and, even when I do not think as they do, I end by saying: "I believe that after all he is right in his thought."
>
> This is why I hate systems, the over-proud reformers, the dialecticians, the reasoners, the strong-headed, the people all of a piece, and, sometimes, even the savants. I love the feeble, the trembling, the hesitating, children, women, the weak-minded. I do not try at all to be rigorous and logical in my system of life; when I find contradictions, antinomies, I am not disturbed, and I do not fatigue myself to reconcile them, as do the logicians, who are self-proud and who aspire to trace with two or three lines the picture of things. As for me, I am convinced that our intelligence is partial and feeble, that it seems only incoherent fragments of the system of things. I take that which I find, I embrace all the atoms of truth and of beauty; I glory in my contradictions; as to the *ensemble,* the heavenly Father knows what it may be.

Whether this intellectual and spiritual epicureanianism, this "juggling with ideas," this utilisation of an inborn capacity for taking exquisite pleasure in different intellectual and spiritual states

*Merely a term of endearment. Patrice is writing to his Breton sweetheart, Cécile.

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be bad morals or not, it produces excellent literature—witness the immortal lucubrations of Michel de Montaigne. "Every art," observes Paul Souday anent *Patrice,* "has its proper material. The painter employs colours; the musician, sounds; the poet, sentiments and images. Renan, for the material of his art, chose ideas. He might have chosen worse."

Alvan F. Sanborn.

V

René Bazin's "This! My Son"*

No writer to-day is depicting the varieties of provincial life and the problems of the French peasants with the same minuteness as René Bazin. Though he instinctively avoids subjects which would render him untranslatable as a whole to the Anglo-Saxon reader, he tries nevertheless to record as a strict realist; but he sees the comedy and tragedy of simple souls through a temperamental sympathy which soothes and softens the hard facts; hence, bathed in a subtle sentiment, his books are poems in exquisite prose that move one by their beauty and pathos, but make one a bit suspicious of their truth. Each new novel accentuates this tendency. Avoiding the more controversial themes of *De Tout Son Ame* and *L'Isolée,* in *Les Noellets* he has again turned, as in *Le Blé Qui Lève,* to the farms, and Bazin attempts more specifically to show the struggle between the hold environment and tradition have upon those who mechanically have tilled the soil and the call of the city with its mercurial life of moments.

As in his other novels, too, the plot itself is neither skilfully worked out nor important. The structure is diffuse and there is small effort at proper proportion or emphasis. It suggests little planning: the situations, such as they are, serve only as hooks upon which a series of impressions are draped. Coupled with this characteristic method, however, he achieves his intention by personifying in his main characters the conflicting ideals of the social struggle. Les Noellets—Pierre and his father—typify the standards of the past and present, the remorseless, ceaseless struggle of the generations, sharpened to-day as it is more particularly by the drift toward the metropolis from the fireside. In Pierre, who training for the priesthood gains thereby the education which makes him an alien to his own people, breaking from the grasp of the land and the perpetual groove of his ancestors to reach Paris and amid the experiences as a journalist and as a social *parvenu* to be broken in health and demoralised in character "because he could never be anything but a peasant," René Bazin has drawn a striking figure. Indeed, no one excels him in his careful unfolding of early man and womanhood: its delicate sensitiveness, dreamy vagaries, timid curiosities, and its ultimate unanchored awakening to the consciousness of sex and ambition. That he is himself deeply interested in this phenomenon is shown by the frequency with which his pen turns to it, and even in this story there are others besides Pierre reaching toward the mental security that lies beyond adolescence: Mélie, who hopelessly loves Pierre and suffers most because she is left behind; Antoinette, his sister, groping in the shadow of half-understanding the other's unrest; and Jacques, his brother, a victim of the conscription, who dies begging Pierre to carry on the tradition. Julien, his father, is that tradition: he is aged and broken by the new spirit he cannot understand, and, as is natural, he focuses upon it all the blame for the misfortunes that touch him. A man all positive, with no waverings from inherited set principles, his very philosophy makes him easily the most compelling character in the novel. One almost believes in him. Bazin is criticising the new spirit, for though casting Pierre off while his son has strength to rebel, he goes to Paris to bring him back to the soil when he is dying: almost a symbol. The shifting backgrounds of these characters and the intimate functions of farm life are painted with a personal style almost lyric and always haunting.

George Middleton.

*This! My Son. By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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VI

F. O. Bartlett's "The Web of the Golden Spider"*

There always will be the suspicion attaching to a novel of adventure that it was written with one eye on the lists of "best sellers." And this presumably is the reason why the critic feels a mild surprise finding such a book written with something akin to style, as in the present case. There are excellent sentences, polished paragraphs, and flashes of thought in Mr. Bartlett's story of the Golden Spider which make the discriminating reader regret deeply his lapses into rough and tumble adventure of the penny-thriller type. There are moments when it would seem almost as if here were a new writer worthy to be ranked with the few who can justify a story of wild men and wild scenes by its only real reason for existence. The escape of the over-civilised city dweller from the routine of his sheltered life, and the recrudescence in him of the instincts of primal man is a fascinating subject. Handled with true art and literary skill it makes for a refreshing type of present day literature. Handled without skill, with the commercial instinct only, it represents a type which has nothing in common with literature of any day. Mr. Bartlett's book is midway between the two. He so nearly achieves the one type that it is all the more to be regretted when he drops into the depths of the other.

The hero of *The Web of the Golden Spider* is a New England theological student, rather a new type for a book of adventure. And his adventures are truly thrilling. They begin in a closed house on Beacon Street, Boston, and end in the same house, after a detour through the mountains of South America. A revolution in a petty South American state; a buried treasure; a New England maiden with the Sixth Sense; a beautiful Queen who is half Spanish but talks like an American boarding-school girl (she belongs to the aforesaid petty State); a millionaire yacht owner, and a sort of seafaring American Mulvaney, are some of the things and people our hero has to deal with. Not to forget a mysterious dual-identity heathen Priest; a terrible South American prison; . . . Rats . . . in the prison we mean . . . and many more things too exciting to mention out of their orderly sequence in the novel. Boston is the scene of the beginning and end of the story. And it is exciting to find Boston treated as a roaring, hustling city, with the same adjectives now so liberally poured out on New York in the newer fiction. It sounds sacrilegious, but the novelty of it has charm.

It is safe to predict that a great many readers will read this book through in a sitting, and also that almost all of them will like it immensely. A few will sigh and wish the talented author had set his standard just a little higher, or had been more consistent in living up to it. It might have been expected of a man who could call the starry night sky "the unpathed purple between the spear points."

Grace Isabel Colbron.

*The Web of the Golden Spider. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

VII

Gaston Leroux's "The Perfume of the Lady in Black"*

Those persons who found entertaining *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* when it appeared last summer are not likely to have any cause for complaint against its sequel. To state the matter sweepingly, *The Perfume of the Lady in Black* is no better than its predecessor, and it is no worse; which implies neither high praise nor serious disparagement. The faults and merits of one book are the faults and merits of the other. Joseph Rouletabille has not changed in the least. He is just as long winded and snivels as much as ever. On the other hand, his creator shows the same unusual ingenuity and sense of the dramatic that made *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* the *feuilleton* sensation of Paris when it was appearing in *L'Illustration*.

M. Leroux is taking it for granted that every one who reads *The Perfume of the Lady in Black* is acquainted with the

*The Perfume of the Lady in Black. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano's.

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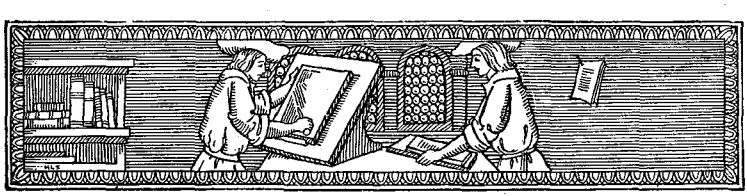
events of the earlier story. Consequently the reviewer of the book is at liberty to do the same. The story opens with the marriage of Mathilde Stangerson and Robert Darzac. Some months before Darzac had suffered an illness which forced him to go for a time to the south of France. He returns considerably strengthened, but still in a condition that obliges him to wear shaded glasses at the ceremony. The bridal couple start for the Riviera. They are to be accompanied a part of the distance by the bride's father, Professor Stangerson. Within a few hours after the departure events begin to take a sinister turn and Joseph Rouletabille is called to action by a telegram which reads simply "Rescue us!"

The grim story plays itself out at the Fort of Hercules, a feudal castle built upon a rock jutting out into the Mediterranean. There are gathered all the principal characters in the story, Robert Darzac and Mathilde, Professor Stangerson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rance, Mrs. Rance's uncle, a half demented anthropologist who is known as "Old Bob," Joseph Rouletabille, and Sainclair, the supposed narrator of the tale. The servants are for the most part old retainers of the Stangersons who have been summoned to the castle on account of being regarded as absolutely trustworthy. The moment that he arrives at the Fort of Hercules Rouletabille takes upon himself the task of rendering the old castle absolutely invulnerable to attack or invasion. The only visitor allowed to enter is a certain Prince Galitch, a Russian nobleman with a villa in the neighbourhood; yet despite the utmost precautions the sinister presence of Frederick Larsan, *alias* Jean-Roussel, *alias* Ballmeyer, the arch villain of *The Mystery of the Yellow Room,* makes itself felt.

With a stage setting like this M. Leroux's ingenuity has free play. One day at noon all the occupants of the castle are seated at table on the terrace. The heat is so intense that all are wearing smoked glasses to enable them to endure the glare. In the midst of the conversation some one mentions the name of Larsan. In a terrible moment Sainclair, the narrator, becomes conscious that two eyes are fixed upon him—weighing upon him—and that they are the eyes of Larsan, behind one pair of the dark glasses. But which pair? From this instant the tragedy rushes swiftly to its climax. The reader's suspicions are constantly being diverted from one person to another, and it is Rouletabille alone who holds the key and furnishes the final explanation. Whether this explanation will be found satisfactory the present reviewer does not venture to say. That the creator of Rouletabille should have ventured to offer it is to the credit of his temerity and perhaps to his ingenuity.

Rupert Ranney.



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PLAGIARISM REAL AND APPARENT

EWTON, to convey an idea of the little done, the undone vast, said that he seemed to himself like a child playing on the seashore, now and then picking up some more than ordinary shining pebble; but Lucian uses much the same figure in his *Sale of the Philosophers*. In Lucian's *Hermotimus* one may find the allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—"Vous voulez que moi," asks M. Charles Nodier, "plagiaire des plagiaires de Sterne: Qui fut plagiaire de Swift—Qui fut plagiaire de Reboul—Qui fut plagiaire de Guillaume des Autels—Qui fut plagiaire de Rabelais—Qui fut plagiaire de Morus—Qui fut plagiaire de Erasme—Qui fut plagiaire de Lucien—ou de Lucius de Patras, ou d'Apulée—car on ne sait léquel de ces trois a été volé par les deux autres," etc. Which is all to the point that, when one wishes to indicate the vast number of plagiarisms strewn on the shore of literature, is one justified in *not* stealing an illustration good enough for Newton and Lucian?

In shunning the Charybdis of plagiarism, may one not incide on the Scylla of —worse things? A bishop, no less a one than Dr. Hurd, "thinks himself entitled to come at once to the conclusion that, though many causes concur to produce a thorough degeneracy of taste in any country, yet the *principal* one ever is, *this anxious dread of imitation in polite and cultured writers.*" One would fain avoid such a catastrophe. One remembers, too, that Goethe said, "There is through all art a filiation: if you see a great master you will always find that he used what was good in his predecessors, and that it was this which made him great." It is, of course, sad that even the most judicious appropriation will not always insure greatness. Thus Goethe thought that Manfred was only a "doppelganger" of Faust; he said that Byron had possessed himself of the latter and "hypochondriacally" drawn the most singular nutriment from it. No wonder that Byron, on his part, writes to Moore:

> You may probably have seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazette in England. They call me plagiary. I think I now in my time have been accused of everything.

Byron himself swore out warrants for affiliation, against—but what matter whom? "Just picture to yourself," says Thackeray, "every one who does wrong being found out and punished accordingly. *Siste tandem carnifex.* The butchery is too horrible." We do not think we are finding out the moralist himself in noting the too strong evidences of affiliation between his "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" and a little booklet entitled "Miss Simmons's Début." We have only seen the "second edition" of Miss Simmons. This appeared in 1848. It is, of course, possible that the first may have antedated Thackeray, whose *Entertainment* was given in 1847. One must pay attention to editions in such matters. In an earlier paper, we do not forgive ourselves for having thrown even light suspicion on Tennyson's use of a little story by Miss Mitford. We have since seen the use acknowledged in an early edition of his work.

"And, after all, what is originality?" asks Mr. Herbert Paul. "It is mere, undetected plagiarism." So Browning has

> Remarked on each old theme
> I' the new dress: saw how food o' the soul, the stuff that's made
> To furnish man with thought and feelings is purveyed
> Substantially the same from age to age.

Horace allows freely the transposition of the first syllables of meum and tuum with a qualification mostly adopted (in theory) by later writers: *e. g.,* Milton says: "For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiaire." Milton, moreover, if we are to believe Robert Stephen Hawker, had the courage of his convictions. "That

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double-dyed thief of other men's brains," says he, "John Milton, the Puritan, one-half of whose lauded passages are from my own knowledge, felonies committed in the course of his reading on the property of others; and who was never so rightly appreciated as by the publisher who gave him fifteen pounds for the copyright of his huge larcenies." Yet Milton adds it to the crimes of Charles I. "that he stole a prayer (in the *Eikon Basilike*) word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god, and that in no serious book, but in the vain amatorious poem of Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia.'" Milton may possibly have taken his description of philosophy "not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but a perpetual feast of nectared sweets" from Montaigne's "On a grand tort de la (philosophy) peindre d'un visage renfrongné. Il n'est rien de plus gaillard," etc. But if he did take it, he did not in doing so follow Montaigne's own recipe for such borrowing (see later); his acerbity giving the lie to his words, in marked contradistinction to his original, of whose sunny spirit they seem the epitome.

But Sir Joshua Reynolds is so much the Complete Plagiary's Advocate that a passage or so from his *Discourses* may dispense from citing further authority: "We come now," says he, "to speak of another kind of imitation: the borrowing of a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure (for what he says of painting is equally applicable to writing) and transplanting it into your own work. This will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference likewise whether it is upon the ancients that these depredations are made. It is generally allowed that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients: their works are considered as a magazine of common property, whence every man has a right to what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are supposed to become to all intents and purposes his own property." But according to this he has the same right to take his materials from the moderns upon the same conditions. Where is the distinction? Indeed if the justification lies merely in "the art of using them," the lesser fault may lie in stealing from one's contemporaries. ("What shall I say," asks the *Licenciado Vidriera,* "of the thefts committed by these cubs and whelps of modern pretence on the grave and ancient masters of the art?" And Montaigne is of opinion that "Il fault avoir les reins biens fermes pour entreprendre de marcher front á front avecques ces gents la. Les escrivains indiscrets de notre siècle, qui parmy leurs ouvrages de neant vont semant des lieux entiers des anciens auteurs pour se faire honneur, font le contraire: car cette infinie dissemblance de lustres rend un visage si pale, si terni, et si laid," etc.)

"It must be acknowledged," continues Reynolds, "that the works of the moderns are more the property of their authors; he who borrows an idea from an ancient, or perhaps from a modern, not his contemporary, and so accommodates it to his own work that it makes a part of it, with no seam or joining appearing, can hardly be charged with plagiarism. But an artist should not be contented with this only. He should enter into a competition with his original, and endeavour to improve what he is appropriating to his own work. Such imitation is so far from having anything in it of the servility of plagiarism that it is a perpetual exercise of the mind, a continued invention. Borrowing or stealing with such art and caution will have a right to the same lenity as was used by the Lacedæmonians, who did not punish theft but the want of artifice to conceal it." From the inconsistencies apparent in this statement, we would fain hope that Sir Joshua says a little more than he would stand to, and that his real thought is better expressed where he says: "Invention is one of the great marks of genius, but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the works of others that we learn to invent." And yet again, "I am persuaded that by imitation only, variety and even originality of invention is produced." "God take me," says Sancho (Avellaneda's Sancho, by the way, not

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Cervantes'. Would Sir Joshua's principles have included him?)—"God take me, if a man have but a good memory, he may invent what he pleases."

> Blest memory, thy sacred nine
> Could ne'er have scribbled half a line
> If thou, their parent, from thy lore
> Had not said much the same before.

One may perhaps push even this principle too far, but at least it does not, like that little illustration of the Lacedæmonians, make us wonder with Butler:

> Why should the world be so averse
> To plagiary privateers
> That all men's sense and fancy seize,
> And make free prize of what they please?

Vauvenargues writes, in one of his letters, "Je ne lis jamais de poète qui ne laisse quelques traces de mon cerveau: elles se rouvrent dans les occasions et je les coude a ma pensée sans le savoir ni le soupçonner." Montaigne carries the process a step beyond this unconscious assimilation. "Il fault qu'il imboive leurs humeurs, non qu'il apprenne leurs preceptes; et qu'il oublié hardiment s'il veult, d'ou il les tient, mais qu'il se les scache approprier. La verité et la raison sont communes a un chacun, et ne sont ne plus a qui les a dictes premièrement, qu'a qui les dict aprez: ce qu'est non plus selon Platonque selon moi, puis que lui et moy l'entendons et veoyons de mesme. Les abeilles pillotent deca dela les fleurs: mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur, ce n'est plus toyen ni mariolaine. Ainsi les pieces empruntées d'aultruy il les transformera et confondra pour en faire un ouvrage tout sien, a scavoir son jugement, son institution, son travail et estude n'a vise qu'a le former." We like the illustration of the bees very much better than that little bit about the Lacedæmonians, who were doubtless a very fine people in their way. And though one might differ from some passages of the opinion, if one takes its writer as the example of his principles, one must hold it as a whole well justified. For certainly no one was ever at once more fulfilled of the wisdom of others and more uniquely original than he.

We feel, moreover, that he would have stood the test of his principles in another way, that it would not in the least have vexed him to know that, as Jonson says, "All our English writers deigne to steale out of this authour almost as much as from Montaigne."

We may hold then that man advances by the *assimilation* of the thought of his predecessors; and if he consciously endeavours to reproduce that style of thought that he admires in one of them, neither is this plagiarism. But there is a distinction between imitation and stealing. Even Sir Joshua might admit a distinction between having one's coat cut after the fashion of Count D'Orsay's—let us say, and going to the Count's wardrobe, in his absence, and walking off with the admired garment. This distinction, though himself fails to draw it, may explain such inconsistency as that of De Musset, who in one place defends himself in language that rings true, from the charge of plagiarising Byron:

> On m'a dit l'an passe que je imitais Byron:
> Vous que me connaissez, vous savez bien que non.
> Je hais comme la mort l'êtat de plagiaire:
> Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre,
> Mais toujours est il vrai que j' exhume rien.

and again practically admits imitation:

> Byron, me direz-vous, m'a servi de modèle,
> Vous ne savex donc pas qu'il imitait Pulci?
> Lisez les Italiens, vous verrez s'il les vole.
> Rien n'appartient a rien, tout appartient a tous.
> Il faut étre ignorant comme un maitre d'école
> Pour se flatter de dire un seule parole
> Que personne ici-bas n'ait pu dire avant vous.
> C'est imiter quelq'un que de planter de choux.

Mr. Austin Dobson illustrates the last line both by precept and practice in "The man who plants cabbages imitates too." Nevertheless, spite of his charming verselet, it completely begs the question: Thus also Dryden, who, in one place writes:

> Concealed its author, and usurped the name,
> The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

boasts in another, "Before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell the world he has been my master in this poem (the 'Annus Mirabilis'). I have followed him

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everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him." Yet he further says: "In some places, where either the fancy or the words are his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary." Strange as it seems, it is the wicked Dryden, not the good Reynolds nor the lofty Milton, who looks at plagiarism from the ethical point of view, and does not "waive the quantum of the sin, the hazard of concealing," and think that artistic skill is a valid excuse for baseness and dishonesty. Therefore on this side, he might have said as truly, if not with the same meaning, as Crabbe, "Of the more criminal kind, borrowing from others, I plead not guilty." Yet, though Molière's

Va restituer tous les honteux larcins
Que reclament sur toi les Grecs et Latins

cannot scathe him, though he may even escape the dangers pointed out by Montaigne, we think his poem must to some extent verify Carlyle's dictum that "The deadliest of poetical sins is imitation." Lord Lyttleton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead,* makes Pope say to Boileau: "We borrowed much from the ancients, but our imitations had still an original air." And the "Annus Mirabilis" we think also has this air. One would be far indeed from classing it among the works of such authors as Coleman called carpenters and smugglers:

Filching their incidents from ancient hoards
And knocking them together like deal boards
And jugglers,

"its seams and joinings do not show," and yet one cannot help thinking that it might have been a higher kind of poetry had it been less learned. And even from the ethical standpoint, although there can be no question of honesty, must it not be more pleasant to be able to say, with a Turkish poet:

This fair book, this pearl of wisdom,
Is my own imagining. . . .
I would not take a dead man's sweetmeats into my mouth.

It is not the originality of imitation of which Sainte Beuve is thinking when he writes, "Nous savons combien l'invention est rare en poésie, combien la gent versifiante est moutonnière, et qu'une forme, une veine, une seule note, une fois trouvée, se copie, et se repete ensuite, a satiété. Une voie neuve appelle aussitot le troupeau des imitateurs. L'honneur de Villon, son originalité est donc principalement dans ce refrain, "Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?" Tant qu'on ne produira pas un exemple ancien de cette façon de replique Villon reste en possession de son titre. Here is a reputation of half a millennium made by a most acute and sober critic to depend upon the absolute originality of some half a dozen words—upon a line that presents no depth nor originality of thought, that evokes no new nor illuminates no old thought; its only originality lying in felicitous expression.

Thus it is really most perplexing how gentlemen differ on a question that might be thought simple as prigging a wipe. Dumas, for instance, practically takes issue with Sir Joshua on the cardinal principle of the latter, when he says: "Ducis led men to Shakespeare on a narrow path, but at least he left on the road those signposts which Voltaire was so careful to remove. When Voltaire makes of Desdemona's handkerchief a veil for his Zaire, he takes the greatest pains to obliterate the marking from the linen he has taken. That ceases to be imitation and becomes simply a robbery." It is curious to think that a gentleman of these strict principles should himself have to complain, "The same war is being waged against me as was waged against Shakespeare and Molière, because my long and persevering studies are thrown in my teeth, and because, instead of receiving gratitude for having introduced to our public scenic beauties unknown before, these very things are pointed to as thefts and stigmatised as plagiarism." Too painful, is it not? But

Truth has such an air, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

By the way Mr. Pope's celebrated

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

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seems to have something of the mien of this couplet of Mr. Dryden.

We must therefore end our essay without so much as having settled its beginning; indeed without considering a tithe of one's authorities or a hundredth of one's instances. Nevertheless as to one's own conviction, we are free to say that, *pace* Sir Joshua, M. Nodier *et al.*, we do not think real plagiarism to be universal or necessary. All similarity does not mean plagiarism or even imitation. Even Bulwer, who was accused, under circumstances at the least suspicious, of "taking" two entire novels, his *Harold* and the *Last Days of Pompeii* (Mr. Poe, by the by, who himself appropriated bodily Brown's *Conchologist's Manual,* takes exception to a much less exceptionable indebtedness in the last named, also)—even we say Bulwer's "Dream," strongly as it must remind one of Byron's ditto, was we know, at least, written in relation to a personal experience.

"Nature Crowned," a poem, in *English and American Poems,* by Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, issued in Philadelphia in 1888, has a strikingly bold and imaginative line:

> Breaking here in foam of waters,
> Breaking there in foam of stars.

From the circumstances of its publication, it seems improbable that this should have come under the purview of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who in his *Gleanings in Buddha Land,* published some ten years later, has:

> Where surges billow unseen out of eternal
> *night to break in foam of stars.*

We doubt if Mr. Anstey ever heard of, let alone saw, the old *American Whig Review,* nevertheless so fantastic an idea as that of his *Vice Versa* is to be found fully anticipated in its issue for August, 1852.

Sir Conan Doyle has not always been happy in escaping resemblance with preceding writers, but we do not think it probable that he took the conception of the most entertaining of detectives from *The Stage Coach Physiognomist,* a narrative in which the father of Miss Edgeworth develops one of the most salient features of the redoubted Holmes.

We do not remember that Scott acknowledges obligation to the Persiles and Sigismunda of *Cervantes* for the incident of the pole, string and bird in *Anne of Geierstein,* but we have as little notion that he plagiarised the former as we think that he stole his own name from a party who owned it before him, and, more by token, wrote verse too.

In short, while the minds of men are strictly catenated in matters of knowledge, it seems to us that in matters of literature their connection, while not less strict, is rather that of a series of tangents held by a centre-heart, soul, common mind of man, whatever you may call it. Had we but space we should like to illustrate this idea by tracing up, or down, some such secular thoughts, as "sleep brother to death," "Nessun maggior dolore," etc., etc.

Bunford Samuel.

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READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Duffield and Company:

Early English Romances in Verse. Done into Modern English by Edith Rickert. Romances of Love.

Early English Romances in Verse. Done into Modern English by Edith Rickert. Romances of Friendship.

The latest additions to the New Mediæval Library.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Blue and the Gray, and Other Verses. By Francis M. Finch. With Preliminary Word by Andrew D. White.

Containing about fifty short poems. The title poem was first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September, 1867. A brief sketch of the career of the late Francis M. Finch is given by Mr. White.

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Kyo Bun Kwan (Tokyo, Japan):

Films of Blue. By John Ingram Bryan.

A volume of lyrics embodying the author's poetic dreams and impressions during travels under many skies—Europe, America, Canada and the Far East.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Day Dreams of Greece. By Charles Wharton Stork.

Five poems founded on Greek mythology: "To Zeus," "The Sculpture of Melos," "Ganymede," "The Wanderings of Psyche," and "Philemon and Baucis."

Little, Brown and Company:

Our Benny. By Mary E. Waller.

A narrative poem founded on historical fact and dedicated to the people of Illinois and Kentucky in memory of Abraham Lincoln. The scene is a village in Vermont in the spring of 1865.

The McClure Company:

Nirvana Days. By Cale Young Rice.

Containing about fifty short poems classified as "Dramatic" and "More or Less Dramatic." Most of the poems are printed here for the first time. A few, however, have been reprinted from two of the author's earlier volumes which are now out of print.

ART, DRAMA

Duffield and Company:

The Merchant of Venice.

The Tempest.

Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt. With Introduction by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

In the section of the Shakespeare Library known as the Old-Spelling Shakespeare, being the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts. This section will be complete in forty volumes.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A play in four acts. The hero is a young man who, after leading a very simple life in the wilds of Mexico, finds he possesses some supernatural power and goes about performing many miracles of healing.

Sherman, French and Company:

A Motley Jest. Shakespearean Diversions. By Oscar Fay Adams.

Containing "A Shakespearean Fantasy," which is printed here for the first time, and "The Merchant of Venice—Act Sixth," which was first printed in the *Cornhill Booklet* for March, 1903.

Edward L. Wilson (New York):

Composition in Portraiture. By Sidney Allan (Sadakichi Hartmann).

Containing chapters on The Placing of the Head, The Profile View, The Full Face and Three-Quarter View, The Management of Hands, Standing Positions, Sitting Positions, Backgrounds, The Arrangement of Groups, Tone and Values, Light Effects. With one hundred and thirty-six illustrations and numerous diagrams.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHIES

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. By J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson.

By the aid of a fortunate find in the records of the English Chancery Court the authors have been able to trace the English ancestry of President Lincoln four generations further back than it has ever been carried before, and have likewise brought out many new and important facts concerning his ancestors in this country. The volume is richly illustrated with views and old prints of scenes and buildings connected with the Lincoln family in England and this country, with facsimiles of documents, seals, autographs, etc., all reproduced in photogravure.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Lincoln's Birthday. A Comprehensive View of Lincoln as Given in the Most Noteworthy Essays, Orations and Poems, in Fiction and in Lincoln's Own Writings. Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler.

These are grouped under such headings as A Birdseye View of Lincoln, Early Life, Maturity, In the White House, Death of Lincoln, Tributes, The Whole Man, Lincoln's Place in History, Lincoln's Yarns and Sayings, From Lincoln's Speeches and Writings.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock.

In the series of Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans, edited by W. A.

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De Wolfe Howe. Prefacing this brief biography is a list of the important events in the life of Lincoln arranged in chronological order.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Standard Bible Dictionary. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, D.D., Edward E. Nourse, D.D., and Andrew C. Zenos, D.D. In Association with American, British and German Scholars.

Designed as a comprehensive guide to the Holy Scriptures. It embraces the languages, literature, history, biography, manners and customs, and the theology of the Scriptures. It is intended (1) for the ministers and especially educated laymen who desire a usable book of Bible reference with up-to-date information; (2) intelligent and cultured lay workers who wish reliable statements on Bible subjects; (3) the theological student; (4) the superintendent of the Sunday-school and teachers associated with him; (5) the member of the adult Bible class; and (6) the general Bible reader to whom the Bible presents many things which need explanation. The illustrations comprise reproductions of archæological remains, sites of ancient cities and tombs, musical instruments, household utensils, agricultural implements, trappings, saddlery, pottery, etc. The volume contains about three hundred illustrations and eleven new maps in colour.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Holy Scriptures. With Commentary. Micah. By Max L. Margolis, Ph.D.

The first volume in a proposed series of Commentaries on the Books of Holy Scripture. Intended for the use of the pupil, the teacher and the general reader.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Self Help for Nervous Women. Familiar Talks on Economy in Nervous Expenditures. By John K. Mitchell, M.D.

Based on a series of articles which the author prepared for *Harper's Bazar* in 1901. Suggestions are given for the prevention and treatment of the several lesser degrees of general nervousness commonly called nervous prostration, or nervous exhaustion. The author points out the limitations and possibilities of self-help and gives advice for the friends and families of the nervous, showing how to deal with them and when to send for the doctor.

The Macmillan Company:

Peace and Happiness. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C.

An analysis of the elements of human happiness. The author gives simple, sensible advice on such subjects as the proper treatment of the body and the mind, on education, on our attitude toward children, toward friends and enemies, on riches, on nature and religion and theology.

Socialism in Theory and Practice. By Morris Hillquit.

In defining socialism Mr. Hillquit writes: "Socialism is a criticism of modern social conditions, a theory of social progress, an ideal of social organisation, and a practical movement of the masses. To be fully understood it must be studied in all of these phases." In keeping with this conception of the movement of which he is so ardent a champion, he has set before the public a brief summary of the Socialist philosophy and a condensed account of the history, methods, and achievement of the cause for which he fights.

North American Review Publishing Company:

The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States. By Victor Morawetz.

The author takes up the problem of the National Monetary Commission, appointed by Congress, and discusses the means of providing a permanent safeguard against money stringencies and panics. He begins by pointing out that such financial disturbances do not occur in other countries. He advances the plan of co-operation between the banks and the treasury, which includes a note-redemption fund—to be elastic, regulating the uncovered volume of notes outstanding, thus giving stability to financial institutions generally.

A. M. Robertson:

The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. By David Starr Jordan and Vernon L. Kellogg.

Consisting of two papers written by scientific men in regard to the scientific character and value of the work carried on by Luther Burbank. These papers were originally published in scientific journals. The authors have both enjoyed the personal friendship of Luther Burbank, have visited his gardens, and have had special opportunities to become acquainted with his work. The titles of the papers are "Some Experiments of Luther Burbank" and "Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work."

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Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Churches and the Wage Earners. A Study of the Cause and Cure of Their Separation. By C. Bertrand Thompson.

The author states that he has devoted his attention to a "specific, clear-cut problem—that of the gulf between the masses of the labouring people and the churches of to-day." The book consists of four parts, taking up the following subjects: (1) The Alienation of the Wage Earners from the Churches; Its Extent and Causes. (2) The Attitude of the Churches to the Workingmen and Its Results. (3) Christianity and Socialism. (4) The Remedy for the Evils of the Situation.

The Gospel and the Church. By Alfred Loisy. Translated by Christopher Home.

A new edition with an introduction by Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., the author of *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism.* The topics discussed are: The Sources of the Gospels, The Kingdom of Heaven, The Son of God, The Church, The Christian Dogma, and Catholic Worship.

A Working Theology. By Alexander MacColl.

Including the sum and substance of what may be called present-day needs in theology. Its nine chapters contain the affirmations of faith which are on the one hand essential and on the other sufficient for the body of doctrine of the orthodox laymen, revised and readjusted, as has been inevitable under the searching examination and criticism to which traditionary dogmas have in recent years been subjected. These chapters treat of The Religious Attitude Toward the Newer Conception of Truth, God the Loving Father, Man the Erring Child, Divine Providence in the Play of Cosmic Processes, Prayer in a World of Law, Miracles in a Scientific Age, The Bible in the Light of Modern Revelation and Inspiration, The Sense of Sin in Modern Life, The Great Gospel of the Cross, Things to Come.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Passing of the Tariff. By Raymond L. Bridgman.

The book presents a view of the political, industrial and economic feeling in this country, bringing out the fact that a new situation has been developed radically different from that of even so late a date as the Wilson tariff. The book does not profess to cover the old and scientific ground so thoroughly covered by experts, but it does aim to show what forces now in operation are apparently sure to accomplish.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

New Ideals in Healing. By Ray Stannard Baker.

Mr. Baker first describes the exact nature of the "Emmanuel Movement" and the seemingly almost miraculous cures by such clergymen as Dr. Worcester. He then treats the reaching out of the medical profession toward the same goal of service, and brings to light many interesting facts. He shows how, on the one hand, the clergyman is recognising the fact that man has a body, and on the other hand, the doctor is recognising the fact that man has a soul.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage. Described and Illustrated with Forty-eight Paintings. By Graham Petrie, R.I.

A descriptive account of these North African towns. The author pictures the mosques, streets, cafés, markets and bazaars of the ancient Moslem cities and writes of the customs, occupations, habits and superstitions of their people. He also dwells on the ruins of Carthage and other classical cities of Tunisia, and the character and beauty of the surrounding landscape. In the illustrations, which are reproduced in colour from paintings, Mr. Petrie states that he has dealt more with the picturesque life of to-day in the Arab towns and villages than with the classical ruins of the past.

Harper and Brothers:

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Frederick A. Ober.

A new volume in the Heroes of American History series. It relates Raleigh's venturesome exploits as a soldier in France, the Netherlands and Ireland, his expeditions to America, and the experiences of his colonies, his part in fighting the Spanish Armada, his varied adventures in South America, his two famous imprisonments, his literary activities, and his tragic end.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Apprenticeship of Washington, and Other Sketches of Significant Colonial Personages. By George Hodges.

Dealing for the most part with the by-paths of Colonial history. Besides the title essay, there are sketches in regard to the Hanging of Mary Dyer, the Education of John Harvard, the Adventures of Miles Standish, and the Forefathers of Jamestown.

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Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Tragedies of the Medici. By Edgcumbe Staley.

The author states that until to-day no one has undertaken to write about the tragedies of the Medici, although when Alexander Dumas wrote his *Crimes of the Borgia* and other "Crimes" he fully intended to compile a companion volume treating of episdoes in the great family of the Medici.

France of the French. By Edward Harrison Barker.

After thirty years spent in France the author has written a book of general information concerning the life and genius of the French people, with especial reference to contemporary France. Among the chapters are those on Family Life, Statesmen and Politicians, the Press, Science and Inventions, and Rural France. The volume is illustrated.

Italy. From the Alps to Naples. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

An abridgment of the three more detailed volumes for Northern, Central and Southern Italy, but with numerous alterations and improvements, and is designed for the use of travellers who have only four or five weeks at their disposal, and intend to devote their time either to a rapid and comprehensive survey of the country or mainly to the attractions of Rome and Naples.

EDUCATIONAL

Henry Holt and Company:

Economics. Briefer Course. By Henry Rogers Seager.

Prepared especially as a briefer textbook for such technical and professional schools where the course in economics is shorter than the usual college course. "Although based on the author's larger *Introduction to Economics*, it is in essential respects an independent work. Not only are several topics there discussed entirely omitted, but the treatment of others is simplified as well as condensed. In general the qualities chiefly aimed at in the first, or theoretical, half of the book have been clearness and brevity, and those sought in the second, or practical, half, adequacy and up-to-dateness."

Enlarged Practice-Book in English Composition. By Alfred M. Hitchcock.

A new and enlarged edition, furnishing material for at least two years of study. The subject is covered in four parts: I. Exercises in Simple Composition; II. Dictionary and Grammar; III. Rhetoric in Practice; IV. Versification.

The Macmillan Company:

A History of Education. Before the Middle Ages. By Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph.D.

Professor Graves has traced the development of the ideals and aims which have dominated and shaped the education of the human race from the dawn of history down to the fall of the Roman power in the West. His aim has been "to present sufficient material to mark the most significant movements, and disclose the underlying principles without entering into unnecessary detail or dwelling upon matters but remotely related to the educational problems of to-day."

FICTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Explorer. By William Somerset Maughan.

The explorer is a wealthy Scotchman who, about to start on a trip to Africa, takes with him the brother of the girl to whom he is engaged. During their travels in Africa the young man is killed and his death is attributed to the explorer. The sister, believing him to be guilty, breaks the engagement. He is, however, vindicated and a reconciliation is finally brought about.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Vale of Shadows. By Alexander Erixon.

The story of a tangled love affair, which ends by the heroine, Laura Somers, sending Vincent, whom she loves, back to his wife, who had left him for some fancied unfaithfulness.

Marion. By Florence Taylor Haselden.

From a house in which Marion is treated almost as a servant by Mrs. Clyde, whom she has been taught to call aunt, Mr. Vernon, a wealthy neighbour, releases her. He adopts Marion as his daughter and at "The Oakes" surrounds her with every luxury. Owing to her position in his mother's house and to her ignorance of her own identity, Marion refuses to respond to Philip Clyde's earnest pleadings to become his wife. When dying Mrs. Clyde confesses her sin of years' standing and announces that Marion is really Mr. Vernon's granddaughter, who had been entrusted to her care when the mother died at sea. She found that by keeping the child herself, allowing the grandfather

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to believe it, too, had died at sea, she could also keep a large sum of money, which would provide amply for herself and son. Philip, heartbroken by the knowledge of his mother's guilt, decides not to see Marion again. After two years, in which time Mr. Vernon has made many vain attempts to find Philip, he learns that he is in a mining camp in Arizona. A letter from Marion brings him to her at once, and the two marry and make their home at "The Oakes" with Mr. Vernon.

The Persecution of Stephen Strong. By Rev. C. E. Babcock, Ph.D.

In a series of letters addressed to his mother in heaven the persecuted minister pours out his sorrow and suffering.

Irene Liscomb. By Mrs. Mary E. Lamb.

A story of life in the South during the days of the Civil War.

The Century Company:

Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. By Jennette Lee.

Simeon Tetlow is the president of the R. & Q. Railroad. He is heartless and egotistic, and his whole interest in life is centred in the success of the railroad. His "shadow" is John Bennett, who acts as his secretary. The young man puts forth his best efforts to further the interests of Simeon Tetlow, and when his chief becomes broken down in health he is not only the ideal employé, but a devoted friend. He acts for the president of the railroad in all business matters and represents him on all occasions.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Helen Ayr. By Francis Sidney Hayward.

Described as "A story of a square deal."

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Priests of Progress. By G. Colmore.

An arraignment of vivisection. The author states that the scientific theories and methods described, discussed or alluded to in this book are real theories and real methods; that he has ascribed to the characters certain methods of investigation recounted in scientific journals by the men who have followed those methods. He also emphasises the fact that all his characters, without exception, as also their circumstances and surroundings, are essentially and entirely fictitious. He tells the story of the career of Sidney Gale, who starts his medical profession along orthodox lines. After he falls in love with the heroine, whose father is a staunch vivisectionist, he is for a time won over to his side. The girl, however, marries another scientist, who is also a firm believer in vivisection. Gradually Sidney Gale, after long investigation and experiment, comes to see matters in a different light and is once and for all convinced that the vivisectionists are in the wrong and casts in his lot with the anti-vivisectionists. In contrast to the career of Sidney Gale, swayed from one opinion to another, is set forth that of Edgar Hall, who became a prominent member of his profession by pursuing his scientific researches along orthodox lines.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Old Jim Case of South Hollow. By Edward I. Rice.

In which Old Jim Case, the village oracle, relates to the audience which gathers about him each Saturday night in the "general store" his amusing experiences—"how he had a wild hunt for a 'coon; made a horse trade; lost a big trout; or about his only trip to the Metropolis, to which he always referred as 'the last time I was in New York.'" Besides Old Jim Case there are many interesting characters in the book, such as Cal Hemingway, the proprietor of the general store; Hiram Wilcox, who knows everybody's business; Pop, the proud keeper of the village tavern; the Widow Witherby, the village gossip; Bennett, the old stage driver, who makes daily trips between South Hollow and Syracuse; Elder Armstrong, one of the pillars of the Church, and others.

In the Valley of the Shadows. By Thomas Lee Woolwine.

The scene is laid in the mountains of Tennessee and the story deals with the evils of family feuds. The Taylors and the Gentrys have lived for years in hatred of each other and gradually the families are killed off and there is only one surviving member in each. Here the feud dies out and a picturesque love affair takes its place.

Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling.

A volume of Mr. Kipling's short stories which has recently been issued in the Pocket Edition of his works. The volumes are bound in a red flexible leather.

Duffield and Company:

Northanger Abbey.

Emma. Two volumes.

Persuasion.

Mansfield Park. Two volumes.

By Jane Austen.

Completing the new ten-volume edition of the works of Jane Austen. Each

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volume is illustrated with ten reproductions after water colours by A. Wallis Mills.

The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham.

The magician is Oliver Haddo, who has made a study of occultism. His greatest ambition is to follow in the steps of the magicians of the Middle Ages, who declared that they could create human beings. To this horrible experiment he sacrifices the life of his young wife, for according to the old magicians these beings must be fed upon human blood. Her friends discover the purpose of this man, whom they consider mad, but by the time they arrive at the house of the magician the crime has been committed.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Confessions of Seymour Vane. By Ellen Snow.

A series of letters writen by Seymour Vane, a man apparently very much in love with his wife, to his friend Leila Carlton.

The Grafton Press:

The Dark Corner. By Zach McGhee.

The hero of the tale is Jim Thompson, who, in order to earn funds to fit himself for a lawyer, decides to teach school for a time. He secures a position at a military institute in the South. This he gives up when he becomes interested in the welfare of a certain section in the South known as "The Dark Corner" and inhabited by very poor white people. He takes charge of a school there and endeavours to bring some light and happiness into the lives of those ignorant people. With this object in view he renounces all idea of becoming a lawyer and gives up everything for the furtherance of the work he has undertaken.

Harper and Brothers:

The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt.

John Armstrong and his wife, Helen, decide to spend their honeymoon in Italy, and, in order that the husband may devote his time to the literary work in which he is deeply interested, they settle for a time at Florence. Here he carries on his research among the Old World classics in the Laurenzian Library. Among the friends that come to stay at the villa is Inez Thayer, Helen's college chum. She is a very intellectual young person and becomes greatly interested in the work John Armstrong has taken up and which fails to appeal to his wife. Inez goes with him to the library each day and proves a valuable assistant in his work. They become constant companions, and one day Helen realises that Inez has fallen in love with her husband and believes that he prefers her highly intellectual friend to herself. She makes up her mind that the best thing to do is to give her husband his freedom. This she frankly offers him, and it is the means of bringing the man to his senses. He is greatly shocked at the idea, the spell is broken, and matters are amicably readjusted.

The Gorgeous Borgia. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A romantic story of the fifteenth century, the scene of which is set in Rome. It depicts the mad character of Roman life in this period. Disguising himself, Cæsar Borgia wins the love of a Roman maiden. She is of the rival house of Orsini and is the one elected to slay the tyrant. Not knowing that her lover is the tyrant in disguise, she takes him into her confidence and tells of her intention to end the life of the Borgia. She never commits the deed, however, for in a wild burst of passion he reveals his identity. When she goes back to her people it is in fear of the death which awaits her in punishment for her failure to carry out their plans. From this death she is saved and later returns to the Borgia and warns him to flee from his enemies.

Mad Barbara. By Warwick Deeping.

The plot of this story, which is set in England in the seventeenth century, centres about the murder of Sir Lionel Purcell. His death causes great commotion for the time being, but is shortly forgotten by all save his daughter Barbara. She vows to devote her life to revenging her father's death and to this end treasures a clasp of pearls which she finds in the dead man's hand, in the hope that some day she may discover the owner of the cloak from which it had been torn. Her mother, and also Sir Stephen Gore, who to all appearances had been her father's best friend, try in vain to persuade Barbara to enter into social life. Her interest is aroused only when Sir Stephen's son, Captain John Gore, appears. She is greatly attracted by him, but is heartbroken when she sees him wearing a cloak with clasps to match the one she has treasured for years. She soon learns that the young man had borrowed this cloak from his father and is overjoyed to find that after all her lover is not guilty. Immediately she makes her plans to revenge the murder and arms herself with a couple of pistols. She makes a vain attempt to kill Sir Stephen, after which he and the girl's mother declare Barbara to be

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insane and have her placed in an old castle, where she is constantly ill-treated. Here she remains until rescued by her lover.

Little, Brown and Company:

But Still a Man. By Margaret L. Knapp.

The story takes its title from a line written by Pope, "A minister—but still, a man." The scene is a small village in Connecticut, where Gordon Dale, upon leaving the theological seminary, starts his work as a minister. The story deals with his efforts to make his work there a success. It tells of his defeats and victories and how he came to realise that the best results are to be attained through love rather than wisdom or even righteousness.

The Bridge Builders. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The plot of the story hinges on the building and collapse of the famous Quebec bridge. The book is dedicated to "those master builders who, their courage unshaken by disaster to the old bridge, are already looking forward to an active part in fashioning the new." The principal characters are Dorrance, a young American author; Asquith, a Quebec engineer, and Jessica West, a rich girl from the mining district of Arizona. Jessica witnesses the collapse of the great structure and risks her life to save that of the young engineer.

The Macmillan Company:

Jimbo. A Fantasy. By Algernon Blackwood.

This is described as a remarkable study of a child's mind during consciousness and also through a period of physical unconsciousness. Jimbo's father, annoyed at the lively imagination of his little son, employs a nursery-governess to "knock the nonsense out of" the boy preparatory to his going to school. The efforts of the well-meaning Miss Lake, however, have a very disastrous effect. The delightful atmosphere created by the child's imagination now becomes one of constant fear. All this brings on nervous prostration. Being near an empty house which Jimbo had peopled with the interesting creatures of his imagination, he is suddenly seized with fright, and dashing madly into a field near by, is tossed by a bull. Then the story goes on to describe the visions the little fellow has while lying in bed in a state of unconsciousness.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Black Cross. By Olive M. Briggs.

The death of the Grand Duke Stepan is decreed by a band of Nihilists belonging to a society known as "The Black Cross." It falls to the lot of the Countess Kaya to perform the deed of assassination. She meets the Grand Duke at a ball and shoots at him, killing him instantly, as she believes. She flees to Velasco, a famous violinist, whose aid she had already solicited. In order that she may travel as his wife and thus cross the frontier in safety, she requests that he marry her at once, promising to give him up as soon as she is out of danger. Together they make their escape from Russia by disguising themselves as gypsies and travelling in gypsy fashion. True to her promise, the Countess Kaya leaves the musician, despite his protests. His efforts to find her prove futile until one night in a theatre in Germany, where he is conducting the orchestra, he is surprised to find on the stage in the character of Brunnhilde the object of his long search. They recognise each other at once, but she still refuses to claim him, as she believes herself to be a murderess and under the curse of the "Black Cross." All her scruples disappear, however, when Velasco assures her that her shot had not proved fatal and that the Grand Duke Stepan is alive and in fact is in the audience.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Resemblance, and Other Stories. By Clare Benedict.

A collection of ten short stories, three of which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, three in *Harper's* and one in the *Century*. The remaining three are published here for the first time.

Reid Publishing Company:

Satisfied at Last. By Martin Sindell.

Setting forth something of the doctrine of Christian Science. The principal character, Miss Maxfield, bereft of family and fortune, is suddenly thrown upon her own resources. She makes many mistakes and encounters many hardships, but is finally brought to a happy frame of mind through the teachings of Christian Science.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Climbing Courvatels. By Edward W. Townsend.

After a successful career in vaudeville, Dick and Betty Courtney, or the Courvatels as they were known in the profession, have great social aspirations and climb to the top of the ladder. They purchase a house in the country, where Dick plays the part of a gentleman farmer and where Betty makes her way

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to an enviable position in an exclusive social set. Here she reigns supreme until the secret that they have carefully guarded, namely, their career as vaudeville performers, comes to light and Dick and Betty are forced to make their retreat, which they are not loathe to do, and return to a life more Bohemian and much more to their liking than their false social position.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Adventures Every Child Should Know. The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio. By Carlo Lorenzini. Edited by Mary E. Burt from an Original Translation by Augustus G. Caprani.

An interpretation of the life of a child with its crude ambitions, dangers, fears and delightful absurdities. Pinocchio, at "the wooden age," starts out like all boys and girls, good-hearted, heedless, trustful, innocent, a true child. He gets into every sort of a laughable scrape through his trustfulness, but because of his good heart he is at last changed from a wooden puppet to a real boy.

The Bishop and the Boogerman. By Joel Chandler Harris.

The story of a little Truly-girl who grew up, her Mysterious Companion, her crabbed old Uncle, the Whish-Whish woods, a very Civil Engineer, and Mr. Billy Sanders, the Sage of Shady Dale.

Duffield and Company:

An Evening with Shakespeare. An Entertainment of Readings, Tableaux and Songs Set to the Old Tunes. Arranged by T. Maskell Hardy.

In the series of The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on Mary and Charles Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Janet and Her Phebe. By Clarissa Dixon.

Showing the warm friendship of two little girls in a Western town, who, owing to a quarrel between their fathers, were forbidden to speak to each other, and so decide by means of correspondence to keep up this friendship which is so dear to them and which continues through the many years that they are separated.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Reorganization of Our Colleges. By Clarence F. Birdseye.

An examination into the present conditions of the administrative and student life departments in our universities and colleges. It points out grave abuses which exist in practically all of the larger institutions, and it suggests a remedy which may be briefly summarised in the author's proposal to place college reorganisation under a separate administrative department, with the cordial cooperation of parents and business alumni. The subject is treated in four parts: Part I. Shall We Reorganise Our Colleges? Part II. The Student Life Department. Part III. The Separate Administrative Department. Part IV. The Summing Up.

F. H. Gilson Company:

The Book of Specimens of Stanhope Press.

The volume has been prepared with the idea of giving publishers an opportunity to become better acquainted with the book-making facilities of the Stanhope Press. Specimens are shown here of book type, pages, illustrations, paper, book cloth and leather.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Life of a Fossil Hunter. By Charles H. Sternberg. With an Introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn.

In the American Nature Series. Group IV. An interesting autobiography of the oldest and best-known explorer in this field, recounting many adventures and unusual experiences in the West since 1867.

Salvage. By Owen Seaman.

A collection of some forty pieces, mostly humorous verse, and largely selected from the author's recent contributions to *Punch*.

Athletic Games in the Education of Women. By Gertrude Dudley and Frances A. Kellor.

Prepared for the use of educators, teachers, parents, social workers, as well as for players and others especially interested in games. The topics discussed are as follows: Part I. Citizenship and Social Education; Educational Value of Athletics; Instructors, Their Responsibility and Training. Part II. Athletics in Secondary Schools; Athletics in Universities and Colleges; Athletics in Political and Social Institutions. Part III.

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General Suggestions for Games and Contests; Basket Ball; Indoor Baseball; Field Hockey.

Kyo-Bun-Kwan (Tokyo, Japan):

The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry. By J. Ingram Bryan.

Among the chapters in this little volume are those on The Nature of Pastoral Poetry, The Greek Sources of the English Pastoral, The Latin and Italian Sources of the English Pastoral, Nature in the Spenserian Pastoral, The Seventeenth Century Pastoral, and The Feeling for Nature and the Decline of the Pastoral.

Longmans, Green and Company (for Columbia University):

New Hampshire as a Royal Province. By William Henry Fry, Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXIX. No. 2.

Sisyphvs. By R. C. Trevelyan.

An operatic fable by the author of *The Birth of Parsifal,* etc.

The Poet Lore Company:

The Two Travellers. By Carlota Montenegro.

A book of fables, containing about forty-five in all.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Last Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. To Sarah Helen Whitman. Edited by James A. Harrison. In Commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Poe's Birth, January 19, 1909. Published under the Auspices of the University of Virginia.

Some of the letters have not hitherto appeared in print, and are now presented through the courtesy of Miss Charlotte F. Dailey and Mrs. Henry R. Chace, who are in possession of the entire Poe-Whitman correspondence. In addition to the letters, the volume contains reprints of the request for the banns of marriage between Poe and Mrs. Whitman and a contract concerning this marriage transferring certain bank stocks.

The Century of the Child. By Ellen Key.

A new edition of a book which the publishers state has gone through more than twenty German editions and has been published in several European countries. The present translation is from the German version of Frances Maro, which was revised by the author herself.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vol. III. Renascence and Reformation.

This work, which will be complete in fourteen volumes, will cover the whole course of English literature from the origins to the close of the Victorian age. Each division will be the work of a writer who has been accepted as an authority on the subject, while the editors will retain the responsibility for the character of the work as a whole. The list of contributors includes American as well as English and Continental scholars. Vol. I covers the period "From the Beginning to the Cycles of Romance" and Vol. II to "The End of the Middle Ages."

Samuel Butler. Characters and Passages from Note-Books. Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A.

In the series of Cambridge English Classics. The editor writes that the first portion of this volume (to p. 193) is reprinted from Thyer's Edition of *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler,* and that the rest of the volume (pp. 197-480) is now printed for the first time from the Butler MSS. in the British Museum.

The Lincoln Tribute Book. Appreciations by Statesmen, Men of Letters and Poets at Home and Abroad. Together with a Lincoln Centenary Medal, from the Second Design Made for the Occasion by Roiné. Edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans.

The volume contains a sketch of the artist, the history of the medal, a reproduction in silver of the medal itself, inserted in a heavy piece of cardboard, also many of the tributes offered to Abraham Lincoln, and half-tone reproductions of the Lincoln Centennial Medal also designed by M. Roiné.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Good Health and How We Won It. With an Account of the New Hygiene. By Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams.

Both authors suffered from ill health, and upon reading accounts of Horace Fletcher's work, became convinced that by persistent study and investigation they could bring about their recovery and return to good health. This book represents their experiences and the result of their investigations, which have brought renewed health and strength to both men. They have based their statements on the authority of Chesterton, Metchnikoff, Pawlow, Fletcher, Fisher, Cannon and other scientists.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Supreme Test. Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) $4.50.
2. As Others See Us. Brooke. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Nietzsche. Mugge. (Brentano.) $3.00.
4. Chapters of Opera. Krehbiel. (Holt.) $3.50.

Juveniles

1. Dream Blocks. Higgins. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. An Annapolis Plebe. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Problems of To-day. Carnegie. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. Women, etc. Harvey. (Harper.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. A Full Back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
3. From Keel to Kite. Hornibrook. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. A Chronicle of Friendships. Low. (Scribner.) $3.00.
3. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Hornaday. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. Short Life of Abraham Lincoln. Nicholay. (Century Co.) $2.40.

Juveniles

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
3. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Cupid's Almanac. Herford. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Remus Songs and Sayings. Harris. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. Diddie Dumps and Tot. Pynelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

Incomplete report.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Jemima Puddle-duck. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Good Wolf. Burnett. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
3. An Immortal Soul. Mallock. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. University Administration. Eliot. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Wireless Telegraph Boy. Trowbridge. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Death of Lincoln. Laughlin. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Reminiscences of Lady Churchill. Cornwallis West. (Century Co.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Six Girls Growing Older. Taggart. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (The Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Card Club Record. (Brewer, Barse & Co.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of the New Thought. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Library Shelf.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse & Co.) 75 cents.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Story-Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) $1.75.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Williams of West Point. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Boy Forty-Niners. McNeil. (McClure.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Substance of Faith. Lodge. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Orphant Annie Book. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

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DALLAS, TEXAS

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Holy Orders. Corelli. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Famous Stories by Sam Jones. Stuart. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Evangelistic Sermons in Outlines. Perren. (Revell.) $1.20.
3. John Jasper. Hatcher. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. Philosophy of Christian Experience. Clark. (Revell.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.20.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.00.
3. Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grossett & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. On the Open Road. Trine. (Crowell.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Peter Pumpkin in Wonderland. Huntington. (Rand, McNally.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Power of Silence. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Abe Martin Almanac. Hubbard. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Spanish Main. Strang. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
2. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Cupid's Almanac. Herford. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Hollow Tree. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.). $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Elsie Dinsmore. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. The Toy Shop. Gerry. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Patty's Friends. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Gypsy Smith. Autobiography. (Revell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Fritzi. Daulton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Puddle Duck. Potter. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.
3. Chronicles of the Little Tot. Cooke. (Dodge Pub. Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. When the Tides Turn. Young. (Estes.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Richard Mansfield. Wilstach. (Scribner.) $3.50.
3. Robert E. Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Moons Balbanca. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Under the Great Bear. Monroe. (Harper.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. With the Battle Fleet. Mathews. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
3. The Right Man. Hooker. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Half-Way House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Money Changers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
6. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

Incomplete report.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Hastings Bible Dictionary, Vol. I. Hastings. (Scribner.) $5.00.
2. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sun Bonnet Babies. Grover. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Overall Boys. Grover. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
4. David Bran. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Chateau and Country Life in France. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Roman Holidays. Howell. (Harper.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the School Team. Earle. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Diary of a Birthday Doll. Dow. (Stern.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
3. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Hornaday. (Scribner.) $3.00.
2. Story-Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) $1.75.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Health, Strength and Happiness. Saleeby. (Kennerley.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Uncle Tom Andy Bill. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Over Bemerton's. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Litt'e, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

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JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Boyhood of Lincoln. Atkinson. (McClure.) 50 cents.
4. The Sleeping Sentinel. Chittenden. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Children's Stories That Never Grow Old. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Tan and Teckle. Brybon. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. Adventure in 1777. Mitchell. (Jacobs.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
6. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Abraham Lincoln. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Binding of the Strong. Mason. (Revell.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Primary Election. Merriman. (U. of C.) $1.25.
2. Industrial Insurance. Henderson. (U. of C.) $2.00.
3. Mind and Work. Gulick. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. Church of To-day. Hooker. (Pilgrim Press.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. History of Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. A Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. World Almanac. (World Co.) 25 cents.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Friend. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Hypnotic Therapeutics. Quackenbos. (Harper.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Story Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) $1.75.
4. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sidney at College. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 240
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50 191
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50 187
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50..... 165
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50 141
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50 88

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY

OF NEW NOVELS COMPILED FROM APRIL LISTS

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Septimus	8
54-40 or Fight	8
The Red Mouse	7
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	7
Peter	6
Comrades	5
Joshua Craig	4
The Red City	3
The Missioner	3
Lewis Rand	2
Anne of Green Gables	1

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
Septimus	10
54-40 or Fight	9
The Missioner	8
Peter	7
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	6
The Red Mouse	5
The Message	5
Catherine's Child	4
Joshua Craig	4
Lewis Rand	3
Anne of Green Gables	3
Comrades	3
Tono Bungay	2
Princess Zara	2
Wild Geese	2
The Spell	2
The Eternal Boy	1
Simon Tetlow's Shadow	1
The Supreme Test	1
An Immortal Soul	1
David Bran	1
The Climber	1
The Red City	1
Over Bemerton's	1
The Bending of the Strong	1

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	5
54-40 or Fight	4
The Red Mouse	3
Peter	3
Lewis Rand	3
Comrades	3
Septimus	2
Open House	1
Flower of the Dust	1
Joshua Craig	1
Holy Orders	1
The Man from Brodney's	1
Mr. Crewe's Career	1
The Testing of Diana Mallory	1
When the Tide Turns	1
The Right Man	1
Half-way House	1
The Money Changers	1
The Long Arm of Mannister	1

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO

	NO. LISTS
Peter	9
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	8
54-40 or Fight	7
The Red Mouse	5
Septimus	5
Lewis Rand	4
The Missioner	3
Comrades	3
Miss Minerva and William	2
Catherine's Child	2
A Little Brother of the Rich	1
The Shepherd of the Hills	1
Anne of Green Gables	1
The Red City	1
Open House	1
Mr. Crewe's Career	1
Princess Zara	1
The Message	1
Together	1
The Man from Brodney's	1
Joshua Craig	1
The Climber	1

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY—*Continued*

SOME POPULAR JUVENILES

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco
Mary Ware	Betty Wales	Uncle Remus's Songs and Sayings	Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz
The Hole Book	Mary Ware	Elsie Dinsmore	Hole Book
Patty's Friends	Forward Pass	Mary Ware	Patty's Friend
Fritzi	Anne of Green Gables	Under the Great Bear	Mary Ware
Forward Pass	From Keel to Kite	Betty Wales	Forward Pass

SOME OF THE BOOKS—NON FICTION—THAT HAVE BEEN CALLED FOR

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco
Alaska	Seven Splendid Sinners	Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land	The Perfect Tribute
Spell of the Yukon	As Others See Us	Bachelor Belles	Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land
Story-Life of Lincoln	Chapters of Opera	Love Lyrics	Religion and Medicine
Religion and Medicine	Government of England	Cupid's Almanac	Abe Martin's Almanac
Life of Alice Freeman Palmer	Religion and Medicine	Richard Mansfield	Health and Happiness
Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land	*Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land*	R. E. Lee, *Southerner*	*Power of Silence*
The Perfect Tribute	Orthodoxy	Riddle of Personality	Indiscreet Letters from Peking
The Toy Shop	Why Worry?	John Jasper	Why Worry?
Gypsy Smith	University Administration	Evangelistic Sermons in Outline	Bachelor Belles
Hypnotic Therapeutics	The Death of Lincoln	Famous Stories of Sam Jones	The Perfect Tribute

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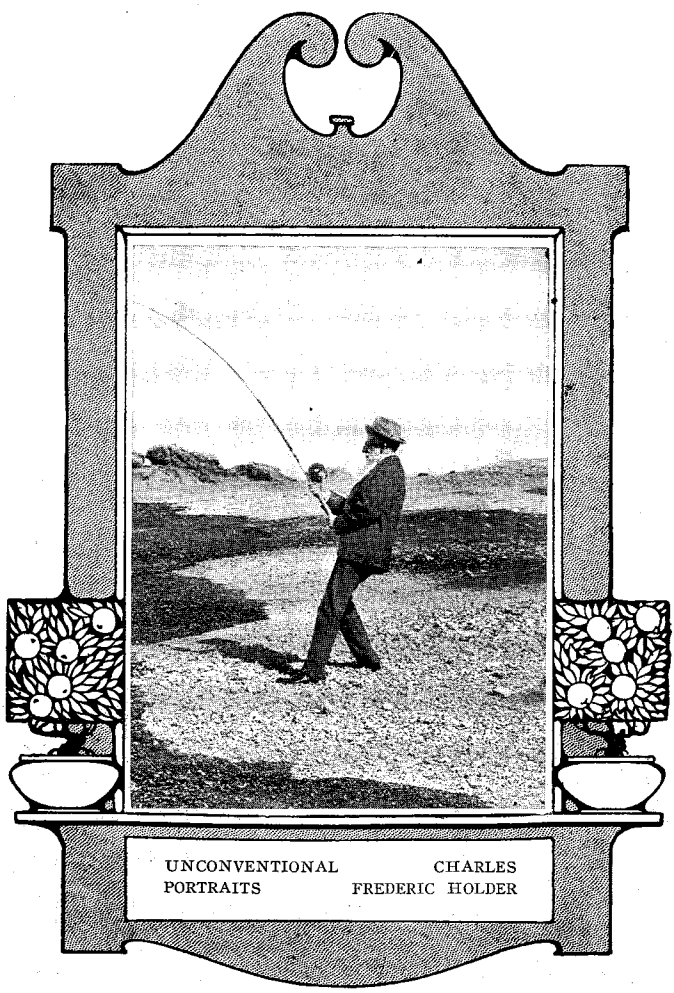

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — CHARLES FREDERIC HOLDER

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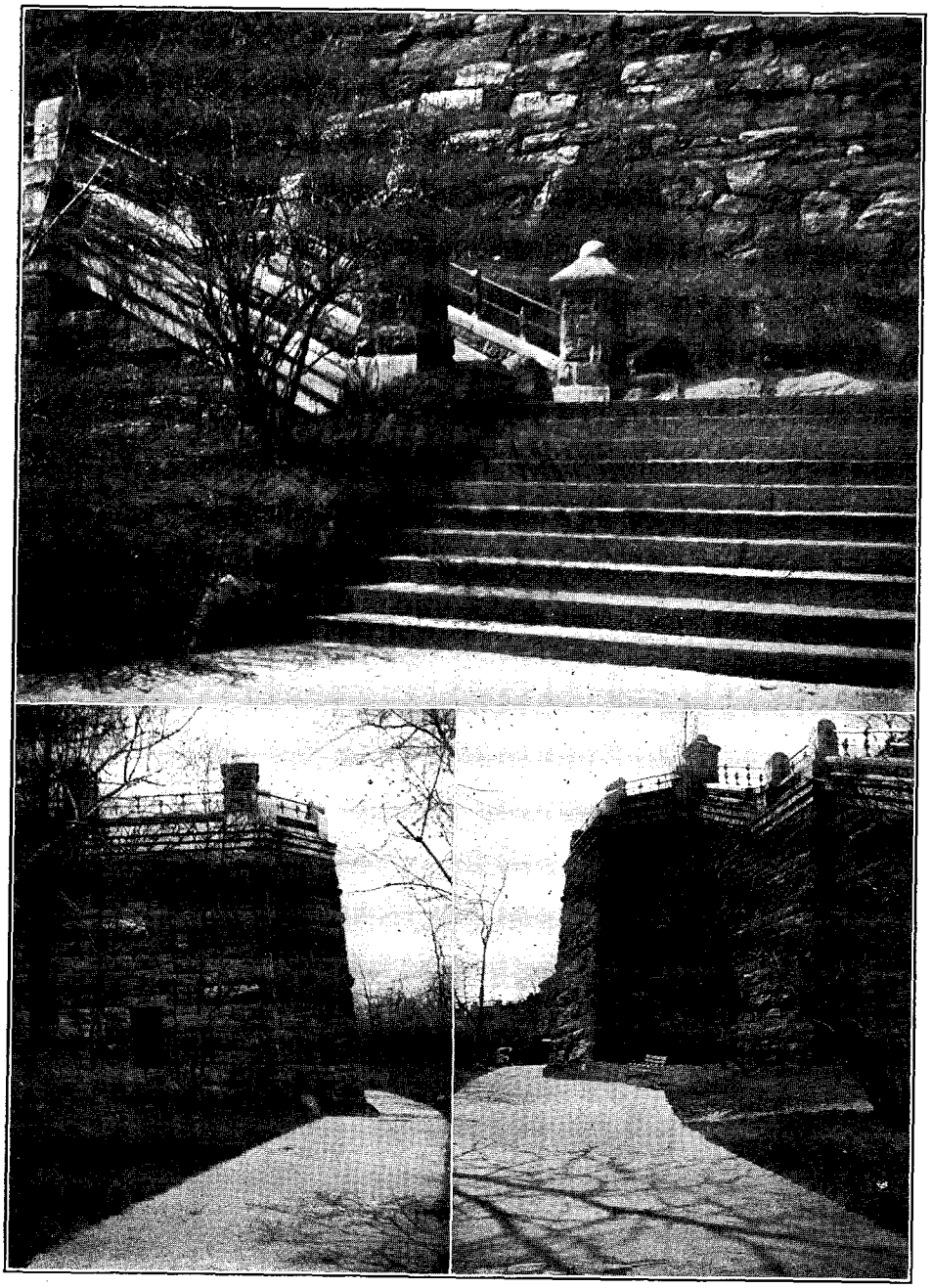

"THE IMPOSING BATTLEMENT WITH ITS BUTTRESSES AND MASSIVE STEPS"

(See *The New Baedeker*, page 273.)

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